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MOBILIZING FRANCE'S INVENTORS

HOW THE REPUBLIC HAS FOUND A WAY OF MAKING WAR-TIME USE OF HER SCIENTISTS—POILUS AND LABORATORY SAVANTS ALIKE

An Interview with the French Minister of War

BARTON BLAKE

NEW times, new men.

One of the new men in France is Paul Painlevé, Minister of War. Not wholly new to the French cabinet, however, for in the Briand ministry which resigned in December, 1916, and, after several changes and the reduction of its membership, renewed its life, but once more resigned in March, 1917, M. Painlevé was Minister of Public Instruction. M. Painlevé was, to the general surprise and not to the general satisfaction, omitted from the reconstituted Briand ministry.

Pretty promptly, he returned to office, and a greater office, when Alexandre Ribot formed a ministry to succeed Briand.

And in the Ribot cabinet the two most electric intelligences are those of Viviani, Minister of Justice and ex-Premier (who with Joffre led the French Commission to the United States), and Painlevé, Minister of War.

It was while M. Painlevé was still serving as Minister of Public Instruction that I called upon him, in Paris. In the

office that he then held, the present War-Minister was at the head, not only of all the French universities, but also of primary and secondary education in France. This is a sizable job—even for one who is an ex-professor. An ex-professor at the Sorbonne, gifted, I am told, with a mathematical genius second only to that of the late cousin of the President of the Republic, the great philosopher-mathematician, Henri Poincaré.

But M. Painlevé filled another post than that of Public Instruction.

New times, new ministries.

And M. Painlevé held the brand-new portfolio of Director of War Inventions—a fitting preparation for his less specialized duties as War-Minister, and a post which must interest all Americans who, firmly believing in the mechanical genius of the American people, wish to see native talent mobilized in this war, in union with M. Painlevé's country, against the enemies of modern civilization. In his first report to the President of the Republic, the Director of Inventions explained the purposes of his Bureau in these words: "War takes on, more and more, the character of a struggle of science and machines. The industrial mobilization should be completed by the scientific mobilization of the country." And when Mr. Edison was quoted in the French press, late in January, 1917, as expressing surprise that science had played so small a part in the war, M. Painlevé, temporarily free from the responsibilities of office, did not hesitate to tell an American newspaper man that Mr. Edison was too severe. "The most important scientific applications since the outbreak of the war are still military secrets," he explained.

My own audience with M. Painlevé was set for six o'clock in the afternoon, of an earlier month. Both in France and in my own country I have had more difficulty in arranging for appointments with officials far less important than the French Minister of State. A few days earlier in the same week, I had been lunching at an Italian restaurant in Paris

with an American university professor of French nationality, together with a young officer of the French army. I had mentioned to them my wish to meet the Minister. "Would it be hard to arrange?" I inquired of them. "By no means!" was their spontaneous reply. "You will find that M. Painlevé is, above all, a democrat. Tell him why you wish to meet him, and that you represent FORUM, and you will be assured of a cordial and early reception."

And so it fell out. No wire-pulling. No application through third persons. A simple request, by letter, and an equally simple reply, naming the day and hour. It could not have been more easily arranged if I had been trying to see the President of the United States in Mr. Roosevelt's term of office.

It was at five minutes to six that I sent in my card by the dignified individual who presides over the ministerial antechamber in the Rue de Grenelle. It was five minutes after the hour that I was received by the Minister.

M. Painlevé is a relatively young man, with as little ceremony about him as any citizen of a republic could desire. He welcomed me without affectation and, seating me by his big desk, asked my pleasure. I told him briefly that America had heard of the creation of a new ministry in France besides that of M. Thomas—the Ministry of Munitions. The significance of the Ministry of Munitions was obvious. But what was M. Painlevé's own Bureau of Inventions?

"Since its creation in November, 1915," replied M. Painlevé, "our activities in this department of the government have been lively and numerous; and yet until now it has not seemed advisable to talk much about them. Whatever the public interest may be, it is apparent that inventions valuable to us in our conduct of the war—and that is primarily the sort of inventions we exist for—must remain secret.

"A great many inventions—some mere minor improvements, others far-reaching discoveries dependent upon scientific principle rather than pure technique—have been

offered. Some of these are narrowly military in their value, others consist in veritable applications of the higher sciences that draw upon all our modern scientific resources: for we are discussing a different proposition from your American Navy's 'Civilian Consulting Board,' of which your inventor Edison is the head, and all sorts of people have interested themselves in our ministry, from simple *poilus* who have sent us from the front many an improvement of our machine guns, and the women working in our munition factories at three francs a day, to professors in our graduate schools, officers of our army and navy, engineers, foremen in factories, and civilians of every stamp and character.

"Past experience has taught us that inventors belong to two great categories—the more or less recognized savants whose work is logically founded on scientific principles, and the non-technical inventors whose inspirations are intuitive, not learned. The idea of an inventor of this second type may be bold and even valid, however faulty the original expression of the idea. Our department aims at welcoming both sets of inventors. The expenses involved are, in view of the immensity of the total war costs, practically negligible.

"Of twenty thousand propositions laid before us, three and a third per cent, have seemed, after a first examination, to deserve real study. For the work of our ministry is double: first, to inspect all the suggestions that are made to us; second, to sift these suggestions by eliminating the majority of them, which lack practical interest or real worth. The rejected 19,333 of the 20,000 propositions already received were either banal, or belated, or altogether absurd."

(I shall be betraying no military secret if I add that the French have been obliged to abandon, after a fair trial, certain promising expedients. Take, for instance, liquid air as a high explosive. This volatile agent was at first experimented with, and the results seemed thoroughly successful. They were, however, successful only under wholly favorable conditions. Bombs charged with liquid air were made, and adjudged to be one hundred times more powerful than bombs of like size making use of picric acid as an explosive agent.

It was soon learned, however, that the sudden descent or even the rapid swooping of an airplane carrying liquid-air bombs was fully capable of setting off the airplane's perilous cargo. The liquid-air bomb, a laboratory triumph, was too susceptible to detonation from air shock without actual contact with any resistant material substance other than the container itself. This happened on one occasion when an airman, dipping suddenly, was blown into fragments so numerous and so infinitesimal that no trace of man or machine was ever found by his fellow soldiers of the air.

Bombs of this type had been carried over elaborately prepared targets and dropped from captive balloons. The ensuing explosion would satisfy the requirements of the most exacting Jules Verne, the most meticulous of American motion-picture managers! Instead of merely smashing the targets to bits as fine as tooth-picks, the explosion seemed positively to erase every vestige of the scene as it had been staged. French scientists figured that the concussion would have killed any human being within 150 yards of the point aimed at. A splendid laboratory or experimental success, the liquid-air bomb! But the battle-line is not a laboratory, after all. The test of experience is too often different from the estimate of the proud inventor. At one stage it was hoped to use liquid air in grenades and trench mortars, which are fired by a spring, much as the missiles of Julius Caesar's catapults were fired off in the Gallic wars you read about at school. Liquid air and its high explosive value are well known to the German chemists, too. But have you heard of the Germans using liquid air successfully in war?)

"When an invention, or project of invention, has been weighed by our department and found deserving of study," M. Painlevé resumed, "our problem is to bring it to the point where it can be, if possible, applied. Here is a task involving multiple personalities, laboratory researches, manufacturing work. These labors require various agencies: the laboratories themselves, the workshops of our civilians, the services of our arsenals. In this work our industrialists collaborate no less than the officials of our various governmental depart-

ments. It is our duty to refer the specific invention to the best qualified persons to test it and, if possible, to apply it experimentally. I have mentioned the good work of soldiers at the front in connection with the perfectioning of machine guns. Just so our sailors and others have suggested sensible devices for use in submarine war. And our *poilus* have also increased the value of our trench cannon of all kinds, of our pneumatic cannon, of our motors, of the operation of our batteries, and above all of the signal systems by which our observers indicate changes in the range. Understand that we offer no rewards, no prizes for these inventions—whether they are made by the man in uniform or by the man or woman civilian. They are made for the love of France."

This remark of the Minister surprised me the less in view of the war-time surrender of their patent-rights by many a manufacturer in France. Sitting on the Boulevard at tea-time, one sees a truck go by, with a monoplane loaded on it—en route for the Gare de l'Est. It is one of the new monoplanes—nameless, and precisely for the reason that the patented processes of half a dozen manufacturers have been combined in one surpassing machine. France's idea is to win this war first—to bother about details as to the credit involved afterwards, if at all.

"Thanks to M. Briand and to others," M. Painlevé continued, "the Allies of the Entente have now what M. Briand has called 'unity of action on a unified front.' The Allies now have also unity of research into war-devices. At Paris the representatives of all the Allies—including a special delegate from Canada—are collaborating in this business of war inventions. My Bureau has also its representatives from the sister Departments of War and the Marine. Our collaboration has shortened the period required, not only in actual researches, but in putting into common use the new ideas developed locally. Recent improvements in the military wireless telegraph system are to be signalized here, and in the processes for registering sounds that originate within the enemy lines. I wish that I might discreetly venture to give you all the details of these innovations—including methods

of tapping the enemy's lines of telephonic communication from a considerable distance; tapping them, not by any of the familiar methods, but by the use of a wonderful instrument that enables the sentinel at his advanced listening post, out beyond the first line of the trenches, to hear the enemy's conversation over wires that are several hundred yards away."

One of the expedients—one hesitates to use the word inventions—that the Allies have put to good use, has depended for its success upon the work of about 600 French artists. Theirs has been a new variety of open-air art, and most of their work has been executed in vast open yards in the Belleville quarter of Paris. Here, on an enormous scale, they have been painting such things as trees, houses, churches, towers, villages, forts, parks of artillery, stacks of munitions, aviation sheds, railway trains, camps, etc. This outdoor stage-scenery has been used by the French back of the front line trenches to take in the enemy. German air-scouts were long deceived by the twentieth century *plein-airisme* of their adversaries, and wasted much time and ammunition destroying these not-irreplacable masterpieces of applied patriotism. The slang word *camouflage* has been coined to describe the new art. And these works are painted with brushes almost as big as anything in Kipling's "Envoi"—brushes as big as brooms! American artists have already organized a *camouflage* committee, in imitation of the French scheme, to serve our army when General Pershing's force goes to France, and to serve us all in case Germany sends some airmen to stir us up to our best effort—as she roused phlegmatic England by means of those Zeppelins.

"When the war is over," M. Painlevé went on, "we can bring together in a single exposition the work of our Allied inventors during the conflict, and this exposition will prove that the French inventive and adaptive genius has not been dormant during this war of national defense. I must not promise you miracles, however. An invention that would revolutionize war and put an end to it, as Holland thought to put an end to British sea-power by his invention of the submarine, is to be looked for in one of your weekly American

magazines rather than in reality. Such a marvel as that is not likely to arrive, and would, if conceivable, take years to perfect. What I can tell America about our Inventions Bureau is, briefly, this: the many devices which we now have at a practical stage of their development, reproduced wholesale on the immense Allied front, will end by contributing materially to our final victory, and will have hastened that victory. We have notably advanced in aviation, and in making aviation more dependable—hence infinitely more precious to our armies. We have learned how to make better motors for our airplanes which are also lighter motors, and wireless telegraphy has been marvellously adapted to our airplanes. I may add that among the war inventions there are, quite apart from aviation, a considerable number which will have a peace value as well as a war value. Some of these peace inventions are already in use in our agricultural and industrial life, and will prove of permanent service. (Even high explosives are of immense importance in industry.) Also, we have not inoculated millions of men against a number of diseases without learning something in the process: methods of vaccination have received happy and practical modifications Tell Americans, therefore, that our Inventions Office is not all for destruction. Some of its results will prove beneficent from the humanitarian angle of vision."

M. Painlevé, Director of War Inventions, had completed his audience. I was, however, received without delay by his intimate colleague: M. Painlevé, Member of the Institute of France and Minister of Public Institution. This is the Minister who entered politics at the time of the Dreyfus case: the *Socialiste radical* who tripped up Bertillon (all the world rejoices when an expert is upset!) in his " expert " testimony regarding Captain Dreyfus' handwriting and the infamous *dossier* which traitors had prepared to cover up their own guilt and punish an innocent but unpopular brother-officer. That the Director of War Inventions and the Minister of Public Instruction were on excellent terms of understanding with one another seemed fairly evident to me, if by no other evidence, then because M. Painlevé, as Minister of Public

Instruction, had charged a new commission to study means of applying motion pictures to instruction in physics, chemistry, biology, geography, and history. Incidentally, one may note here that motion pictures are a very important branch of French governmental activity these days. Many thousand feet of film been filled with photographs for the archives of the French War Office. This war will be known to the future historian not through books alone, and newspapers, and letters, and documents in the chancelleries, but through the direct testimony of the historian's own senses. A story, that, in itself.

I asked the Minister of Public Instruction what he thought would be the relations between France and America on the academic side, after the war, and whether he was interested at all in attracting a larger number of American students to Paris, Lyons, Grenoble and the other Faculties. For the last dozen or fifteen years there has been a reaction, at some American universities, against that exaggerated imitation of German academic methods which was formerly remarked. I took the liberty of pointing out, at this point, that Woodrow Wilson, in his presidency of Princeton University, had wisely and successfully resisted the Germanization of his institution. With the evolution of our own faculties, fewer students went to Germany for graduate study, and a slowly increasing number went to France. In wartime, of course, the number of American students in Paris was much reduced; in the spring of 1916 there seemed to have been but a single American pursuing his studies at the Ecole des Hautes-Etudes. (In the year 1913-1914, there were seventeen Americans following the courses of this establishment of the University of Paris. I do not remember the number at the time of my own course of study at the Sorbonne, in 1908-9). Did M. Painlevé think of any way of encouraging the tendency on the part of Americans to turn in increasing numbers to the courses of the French universities in preference to the better intrenched German faculties? —a tendency likely to prove all the more pronounced now that (since our conversation) America is definitely aligned

with France and her Allies against the Teutons, "Kultur" and all.

M. Painlevé declared that he had already given thought to the problem of students from America after the war.

"I have read in one of your American reviews," he said, "that, for the foreign students who have the courage, and for the French who have the good fortune, to attend our wartime courses, work at our universities still goes on peacefully enough. (And not in our universities alone, but also in our primary and secondary schools, cruelly stricken though these are by the destruction of the lives of thousands of school-teachers. On the other hand, some of our vocational schools for wounded soldiers are turning out new school-teachers for us—professors of patriotism!) The writer of the American article I refer to was so kind as to add that full and regular courses are given in our schools, and that the determination of our professors not to let the war stifle learning and scientific progress deserves America's acknowledgment. Some of our lecturers do not fear to apply themselves to wartime subjects: thus, M. Denis has been lecturing during the year past on 'The Origins of the War; Europe since 1907,' while nationalism in literature has not escaped the attention of our professors of belles lettres. In discoursing upon Montaigne and Rabelais, Professor Lefranc of the Collège de France (who has visited America and lectured in your country, which he admires) has remarked that the philosophies of those authors are not out-moded even today, and that many a *poilu* in the trenches carries in a pocket of his faded uniform a copy of their great works. But I am straying from your question.

"France welcomes America to her universities. During the academic year we have had the pleasure of receiving as an 'exchange lecturer' Professor Grandgent of Harvard University. Professor Grandgent followed Professors Barrett Wendell, A. C. Coolidge, G. P. Baker, Bliss Perry, and others, including John Finley, of the College of the City of New York, and Professor Henry Van Dyke of Princeton, the

poet, who has represented your government as its Minister to Holland.

"There must be less red tape at our universities—so far as you Americans, anyway, are concerned," said the Minister. "Moreover, one of your compatriots, a Harvard graduate, long resident in Paris, is working with me on plans for the opening of a *Maison Américaine* after the war: a home on the left bank of the Seine for American students who are attending our different Paris schools. I am hoping that the city of Paris will give the land for such a structure. The *Maison Américaine* will serve admirably the needs of the newly arrived student: giving him such information as he may require, and providing a meeting-place for him and for his friends. It will be an ideal centre of good comradeship and recreation—a foyer radiating our common love of truth and warming our mutual sympathies. We want American students in Paris. We have long had good reason to know of the good-will and concord existing between your nation and ours, your institutions and ours, your mental habits and ours.

"In future we republicans of the Old World and you of the New World must be better friends than ever."

THE GOING

Mary Siegrist

THAT we go calmly as the Unfearing go,
That we go proudly as the Unconquered go,
That we go sightful as the Great-Visioned go—
This, this we ask:
So that our life becomes articulate,
So that it touches greatly one supreme
And crowning moment of a conscious strength.

Whatever be the path
Whereby this mystery shall achieve itself,
The cross whereon the wonder shall be born;
No matter what the red, red pain, or how
The frontiers pulse with the great Living-dead
Who call the Dead-alive—
This, this we ask:
That we go calmly at the Unfearing go,
That we go proudly as the Unconquered go,
That we go sightful as the Great-Visioned go.

Better this going to what end may be,
This girding of the loin, this lighting of the lamp
In one exalted moment—than that life should take
Its sufference from fat ease of coward creed,
Or sanction from some dark forgetfulness
Of white Atlantic's woe.

So we go grandly to the Summing-up;
So we go, mighty, to the last Account,
Knowing we help the Finger on the Wall
That writes Democracy across the world.
So shall America lift up her head
In queenly going to an unfaltering quest;
So shall she greet her lord Democracy—
A cripple riding in a tattered garb—
And bring him wine of life and great redress . . .
Until henceforth his mantle shall be flung
Across all spaces of the land and sea,
His arm engird all nations.

Forward then
And lead to light,
America!—
That we go calmly as the Unfearing go,
That we go proudly as the Unconquered go,
That we go sightful as the Great-Visioned go.

THE RIGHT-LINE OF AMERICAN POLICY

T. Lothrop Stoddard

WE Americans have two big tasks before us: to win the war and to win the peace.

Our first concern is, of course, to win the war. We have entered this war with a loftiness of idealism, a singleness of motive, whose like history can hardly show. We have deliberately abandoned our cherished isolation and staked our national well-being in the cause of international decency and future world-stability. Beyond these boons, the common heritage of mankind, we seek absolutely no reward for all our certain sacrifices of treasure and of blood; no territorial acquisitions, no special privileges, no increase of national prestige save that accruing as a chance by-product to a volunteer in the cause of justice and liberty. Such being the case, we can devote ourselves to the winning of the war with a spiritual consecration, a singleness of mind, impossible to nations seeking material recompenses as well as ideal values.

This singleness of purpose will stand us in good stead in the technical prosecution of the war as well as in the steeling of our will to victory. That comes out clearly from the most cursory survey of our immediate field of duty. Judged by traditional standards, this duty of ours has in it scant heroism or glory. Of course we should at once send a picked force overseas for moral effect. Of course we must raise a great army chosen scientifically by universal liability to military service from those best able to fight, best able to be spared from other necessary labors. But, for a time at least, our primary tasks will be economic. Our shipyards must ring night and day with the building of thousands of cargo-boats to carry food to England and steel to France; they must turn out myriads of swift mosquito-craft to hunt the German U-boats off the seas. Our farmers must sweat long hours over increased acreage to raise wheat for

European mouths. Our rich men must turn in profits and forego their luxuries. And all for what? Not for colonies, not for trade-preserves; but for a better world, a brighter tomorrow. How this will stimulate us during the hard months and years! How this will quicken that American idealism which the wisest foreign observers have discerned beneath the superficial dross of our national life! Americans will now prove to the world that they are not the nation of dollar-chasers which superficial critics so often supposed. They will prove it by their single-minded devotion to the most prosaic tasks, glorifying these by the knowledge that they are thus best contributing to the triumph of that cause to which they have pledged their all.

Such will be the peculiarly idealistic temper of America's "Will to Victory." And, as time passes, we Americans will come to understand more clearly precisely against what we fight. For, in the last analysis, we are not fighting the Kaiser, or the Junkers, or the Pan-Germans, or the professors. We are fighting a state of mind. Not an unprecedented state of mind, either. *The notion that the Germans are a race of demoniacal barbarians who have evolved out of their wicked inner consciousness a unique and diabolic heresy, is arrant nonsense.* The Germans are suffering from a form of megalomania which has afflicted many peoples during the course of history—the delusion of "The Chosen People," divinely predestined to rule and regenerate the earth. The ancient Jews had it to a marked degree, and modern examples of the aberration are Spain under Philip II and France under Napoleon.

Nevertheless, just because Germany's aberration is not unprecedented does not make it any the less dangerous, any the less intolerable in a well-ordered world. On the contrary, this false ideal must be crushed out at whatever cost. As a people desiring above all things Man's peaceful and progressive evolution, we must never lay down our arms until the danger has been finally dispelled. And there is only one way to dispel it. A nation which has once undertaken to make good its claim to be the Chosen People will not be cured

until its delusion has been beaten out of it on the battlefield. This generally takes time. Spaniards had to be beaten from the Armada to Rocroi, Frenchmen from Trafalgar to Waterloo, before they saw the light. However, if such a beating be well administered, it rarely has to be repeated. It is, as the Germans themselves are never tired of saying, "eine Machtfrage"—a question of force; and the Galenian formula, "Like cures like," here applies absolutely. Take present-day France and Spain. Neither people are precisely angels. They both have their Imperialists in greater or less degree. But the wildest contemporary French or Spanish Imperialist would scarcely dream of imposing his will and his customs upon the whole world, as Germans, with their patter of "Herrenvolk," "Kultur," "Weltmacht," etc., are never tired of dreaming.

That is the sort of thing Germans have simply got to have beaten out of them—whether it takes one year, five years, ten years, or fifty—because "The German Idea in the World," in its present signification, means no room for anything else. Yet to everyone save Germans it is self-evident that the German Idea, whatever its peculiar merits, is very far from being equivalent to the sum-total of all the rest! For this German Idea, it is, as Germans themselves rightly judge, a matter of "World-Power or Downfall." With its perfectly logical corollary of "Noth kennt kein Gebot"—"Necessity knows no law"—the German Idea has progressively challenged the rest of mankind from the violation of Belgian neutrality to ruthless submarine warfare, until at last Germany faces an outraged world in arms. Henceforth the issue is squarely joined: *humanity must either crush the German Idea or become German.* That is why we must fight if necessary to our last man and our last dollar until the German Idea shall have become forever a thing of the past, repudiated by the Germans themselves precisely as the French today repudiate the lusts of their Napoleonic ancestors.

So much for our first task—that of winning the war. But we should also bear in mind our second task—that of winning the peace. Otherwise, we shall be awakened from

our victory celebration by a nasty bump of rude reality which will leave us gasping: "Where are we?" Terrible though the present war may appear, it will prove to be merely one of a whole series of equally unpleasant episodes unless we can end it by peace which will lay the foundations of a new and better order of international relations. And such an order will not come of itself; it will have to be worked for, perhaps fought for, by all the idealistic and liberal forces of the world, if it is to become a living, constructive reality. Today the German Idea is the enemy, which must be beaten before any new order whatever can arise. But even though that enemy be beaten, there are other foes of progress to be overcome. We have heard much of the "Dark Forces" in Russia. But there are Dark Forces in every one of the world's nations, our own included: forces of rapacity, ambition, and callous greed, which are quite ready to turn the coming peace conference into a huckster's booth whence shall issue an iniquitous tissue of vindictive jobbery fraught with the inevitable woe of future generations.

These Dark Forces are alert and powerful. The main ground for hope is that the Entente Allies have all to a greater or less extent given formal pledges for the establishment of a new order of things. This is notably true of France and England, where we see great bodies of public opinion passionately resolved upon the attainment of a truly constructive peace. And right here lies America's golden opportunity. We have entered this war from purely idealistic motives. We have absolutely nothing material to gain out of the struggle. Our rewards will be solely ideal rewards, shareable by all mankind, including our present enemies. Our moral force is thus at its maximum, while our Dark Forces are paralyzed, since they have no material peg on which to hang their selfish desires. We will thus enter the future peace conference with absolutely clean hands, ready to back to the limit all the liberal forces working for a constructive settlement, and equally ready to oppose to the limit all the sinister forces seeking to pervert that settlement to their particularistic ends. Every liberal, every idealist, the world

over, will know that America wishes nothing from the peace except a peace which shall endure. The great thing to be kept in mind is so to develop our potential strength that when the time of settlement arrives we shall be able to ensure the right kind of peace. This is not going to be an easy matter. A right peace will never be won by moral platitudes. Our hands may be ever so clean; they will effect nothing unless they are also strong. This is one of the vital reasons why we should develop to the utmost our vast latent military and naval strength; so that, after having done our share in winning the war, we shall be ready to do our share in winning and guaranteeing the peace. In that hour our liberal Allies should be able to look to us, not for mere words, but for strong, determined action which shall secure to coming generations a righteous and progressive heritage.

This is our glorious privilege, our solemn duty. It is also our very practical and vital self-interest. Whether or not we like it, our traditional isolation is gone forever. Henceforth we are part of the great world, sharers in its common weal or woe. Of this, the present war is the best proof. That war was none of our making. If ever there was an "innocent by-stander," we were that one. With might and main we strove to keep clear of the dread melee. In vain! The world had become too small, the fabric of humanity too close-knit, for us to hold aloof. Inevitably we were compelled to do our part. Now we shall share in the peace as well as in the war. What is that peace to be? In other words, what sort of a future are we to fashion for our children? America was forced into this war. Unless a right sort of peace be made, America will be forced into subsequent wars. Are we going to bequeath to our sons a heritage of tranquil progress, or shall we make it certain that they must bleed and die as Americans must now bleed and die? The answer depends on two things: How we fight this war, and how we make its peace. It is "up to us."

THE STATESMAN

W. J. Lampton

"He serves his party best who serves his country best";
He is the man who makes his party great
Who having bravely his self-interest suppressed,
Makes party less than honor to the State.

Not many men are great enough for this;
Too many choose the narrow-minded plan
And by such lower means the higher issue miss,
Which makes a tool of what should be a man.

But sometimes there are times when from the ruck
Of politics a man, who is a man, will show
The stuff that makes a State and by his pluck
Will force the weakling partisan to grow.

This is the make of man the people need;
This is the make to answer to his country's call
To leadership, and answering, so lead
The nation that it stand, although his party fall.

OVER NO-MAN'S LAND TO FREEDOM

WALTER ADOLPHE ROBERTS

IN war, it is not only the combatants who wear, to borrow the late Stephen Crane's great phrase, the "red badge of courage." There are other heroisms than those of the trenches—the heroism, for example, of ambulance workers and chaplains, the heroism of civil officials who stay at their posts in a town occupied by the enemy. But the most astounding type of sheer animal courage, fortified by resourcefulness and a hope that must surely be superhuman, has been displayed in the European conflict by escaped prisoners. Particularly by those who have escaped not through neutral countries, but by way of the firing lines, over No-Man's Land. Many have fallen in this attempt. Yet some have come through, and they deserve to be called the bravest of the brave.

The soldier in active service knows that he is threatened by dangers in front of him, on both sides perhaps, very often from aeroplanes above his head. But at least he has his friends at his back and a General Staff to plan his strategy for him. Those who escape are surrounded by perils and may not count on any aid. They are handicapped by their language, their dress, and their mannerisms. Half the time, they do not know where they are, nor in what direction to look for their Allies. Their exploits have surpassed similar exploits of the past, because the battle fronts of today are closely locked trenches drawn across the map of Europe, and whole frontiers are sentineled. Their sufferings have been beyond measure. Their liberty has been paid for many times over.

The most dramatic escapes have been achieved by Russian soldiers who have made their way into France. These men have nearly all been simple peasants, speaking neither French nor German and barely reading Russian. In crossing Germany, they have been guided by the instinct of the

wild beast, by prudence, by craftiness, by a *flair,* in short. On reaching the Western front, they have simply taken a chance with their lives that would break the nerve of even the most reckless gambler for money, and dashed from one side to the other under fire.

The first arrivals early in the war were shot down by the French themselves. The latter were deceived by the similarity of the Russian and German uniforms, and did not know the difference between the Russian and German tongues. They thought that they were being attacked by advance guards of the enemy, and the poor fugitives who had had reason to suppose that they had nearly reached the end of their sufferings fell under the bullets of their friends. Nevertheless, some survivors, usually wounded, crawled into the French trenches and, by the aid of an interpreter, told the story of their Odyssey. The word was passed along the line to watch out for Russian prisoners, and in the course of the past few years several hundred have been rescued.

Serge Selivanow, a native of the district of Little Arkhangelsk, was captured while serving as a private in the 292nd Russian Infantry. His escape was a marvelous feat, but in describing it in Paris he displayed all the ingenuous simplicity of the *mujik.* He used the homely slang of his race and calling, which defies translation into English, and colored his story with a certain religious and mystical sentimentality, which can, perhaps, be rendered.

Let this Slav soldier speak for himself:

"We were surrounded by the Germans at Chavli, in Holy Russia," he said. "The hordes attacking us were greatly superior in numbers. We had to choose between surrendering or letting ourselves be exterminated. We surrendered.

"The enemy sent us to the Prussian prison depot of Neumunster. The good God only knows what we suffered. It cannot be told by the human tongue. One day an officer informed us that we must get ready for a journey. We learned later that we were to go to the French front, to work on emergency defenses. Our indigation was great.

'What?' we cried. 'Is the enemy to force us to serve against our Allies?' It was only too true. And as the German lash was always poised above our backs, we had no choice but to obey.

"We arrived at our destination, a point near Thuizy, in Champagne, and at once were assigned a task that was beyond our strength. Life became unendurable to two friends and myself. We decided to make a bid for liberty, on the first propitious day. The risk did not matter to us.

"After many hours devoted to prayer, and after placing ourselves wholly under the protection of Divine Providence, a faith strong enough to resist all tests was given to us. Our plan was simple. Very often a detachment of fifteen prisoners was sent to fetch bread for the 500 men in the camp. We three were usually among those picked for the service. The bakery was at a considerable distance, and either coming or going we could easily slip through the barbed wire fence that surrounded the prison camp.

"'Bread fatigue!' cried a surly officer of the guard one evening.

"I cannot describe how ardently I hoped, as we lined up, that I and my two comrades would be selected. Yet I knew beforehand that we would be. God was ready to aid us. We were all designated among the fifteen and left for the bakery, escorted by a single soldier.

"No favorable opportunity presented itself on the way. The Boche entered the bread depot and the Russians commenced to file in after him. We saw our chance and lingered till the last. The instant that we were the only three left outside the building we darted to the right, half running, half stumbling down a slope toward the bank of a rivulet. There, we hid in a clump of bushes, straining our ears for the least sound of pursuit. A whole quarter of an hour passed quietly. Then we saw four soldiers searching for us by the light of tiny electric pocket lamps. We slipped silently into the night, in the opposite direction.

"A hillock in our path offered no difficulties. On the other side, we found ourselves in cultivated fields; beyond

was a village through which it would save time to pass. We decided to brave it before an alarm could be given. And in order not to arouse suspicion, we trudged ahead, brazenly, as if we had been sent by the masters.

"The streets were dimly lighted. The inhabitants seemed to be asleep, and we met only a few soldiers. Some of the latter were sober, but took no notice of us. Others reeled about, too terribly drunk to care whether we were friends or enemies. As we emerged at the far end of the long main street of the village, we felt as if relieved of a heavy burden. The rivulet now barred our road again. We could only cross it by way of a wooden bridge guarded by a sentry. We strolled toward the bridge.

"'*Halt! Wer da!*' cried the sentry. Without saying a word, the three of us struck him down and dashed across the bridge.

"The sentry picked himself up and fired after us. Fortunately, the night was very dark and protected us. But though we had escaped this danger, a new and seemingly greater one was just ahead—nothing less than an encampment of soldiers relieved from the first-line trenches. They were very tired, those soldiers, and slept like dead men. Apparently, it needed more than a few rifle shots to wake them. We pattered along in the shadow of a wall, unheard, and presently found ourselves on a road that led toward rising ground. Suddenly the moon shone out between the clouds. This made it bad for us, and we looked for a hiding place.

"A tree with very thick foliage stood near by. It was our sanctuary. We climbed into its branches and concealed ourselves as best we could. *Brrrr!* How cold it was! We thought, before the morning, that we should freeze to death.

"Day came at last and, alas! brought new danger with it. German soldiers came and went continuously under our tree. Some of them were influenced by evil spirits to stop and even to rest in its shade. But as they smoked their huge cigars, it did not occur to them to look upward. As evening fell, fewer soldiers appeared.

"After sunset, we continued our flight. The moon that night must have been friendly to the Germans, for by the good God, she shone as if she were eager to betray us! Yet we made progress, and by dawn found an abandoned trench close to the firing lines. This seemed good to us. We masked it with branches and hid ourselves at the bottom, determined to make a dash the following night across the German lines, toward our brothers, the French. Knowing well that this looked like inviting certain death, we nevertheless believed humbly that God would guide us through unharmed.

"It was still dusk when we left our shelter. Both sides were firing their heavy artillery with the rage of demons. The Germans cowered in their trenches, while we, like living ghosts, scurried over the plain at the mercy of the shrapnel. Huge trenches, full of troops, barred our way. We tried to cross one. The soldiers thought that we were strayed comrades and made place for us, crying: '*Komm! Komm!* We glided silently away without making a reply. Then we found a trench guarded by only one man. It did not face the positions opposite, but had been dug at an angle and formed a sheltered road for our advance. We rushed through it. We beat down the soldier as we went and left him senseless. The next instant we were at the barbed wire entanglements. This was the frontier that separated Germans from French.

"We flapped among those wires like fish trying to find a way out of the net that has enmeshed them. It was the most dangerous moment of our adventure. Hundreds of shots were fired from both sides in our direction. Our immunity was truly miraculous. At last, my flesh torn by the cruel teeth of the barricade, I succeeded in struggling through. I hid in a shell crater, heartsick with anxiety for my companions. But they joined me soon and we all three crouched in the hole, pressed as tightly against each other as we could get.

"In front of us were new entanglements of barbed wire. We tried to cross them, but at each movement we made the wires twanged and rattled, and a volley of shots came in our

direction. As I continued to wrestle with the obstacle, I touched a human body. I addressed it, but there was no reply. It was the corpse of a French soldier, caught in the wires and torn to shreds by bullets. Whenever a rocket threw its scorching white light on the scene, the Germans must have taken him for a target.

"We remained between the lines until nearly morning. Then we decided to put an end to our torture, to escape or to die by either a German or a French bullet. In the dusk of the false dawn, I held up a white handkerchief and cried: 'Comrades! *Rousski! Rousski!*' For ten minutes, bullets were our only answer. Then there seemed to rise out of the ground behind the barbed wire—a helmet.

"A helmet! What a cruel jest! We were giving ourselves up to Germans then! (At that time, we did not know that the French had abandoned the kepi.) Our dream of liberty was destroyed. But, as we looked, we saw that that helmet had no spike on top, and that the uniform underneath it was of the blessed sky blue worn by Frenchmen. We rushed forward. At a single bound, we leaped the barbed wire entanglements that had seemed so difficult during the night. Five minutes later we were in the trenches of our friends. We were received with open arms. God had heard our prayers, and his angels had been with us unseen."

Among French prisoners, many sensational evasions have been scored by aviators. The case of Gilbert is well known. Interned in Switzerland, he was twice successful in eluding the authorities. The French, who returned him to captivity once, received him back into their ranks the second time and made a national hero of him.

But the feat of the aviator Delauny in getting out of Germany was more difficult than that of Gilbert, who was aided by friends each time.

Delauny was forced to land within the enemy lines in the region of the Somme on December 17, 1914. He was sent to the interior of Prussia, where two unsuccessful attempts to escape led to his confinement in a camp for convict prisoners. He never ceased to plan for his freedom, and

paved the way by feigning a new docility. Early in 1916, he obtained permission to work as a farm hand. He was sent to the neighborhood of Darmstadt. On May 1, he overpowered a sentry and fled. It was 400 kilometers (about 280 miles) to the Dutch frontier. Traveling by night and hiding by day, he covered the distance in twenty-five nights. Delauny insists that he had no adventures worth mentioning until toward the end, and that the incident that then took place was more of a joke than a mishap; but few people in a similar position to his would agree with him.

"The Germans had a good chance to kill me," he said. "They contented themselves, however, with relieving me of 820 marks. I was hiding in a wood near Waltrop. Two infantry soldiers, returning from a drinking bout, arrested me. They treated me roughly and painted lurid pictures of what would happen to me at headquarters. I half believed that I would be shot. Three weeks before I would have accepted it as being all in the game. But when I was so near to freedom it was maddening. Luckily, it occurred to me that they were undoubtedly short of money after their spree. I offered them 150 marks if they would let me go. They immediately made me a counter proposition that, if I would pay them 500 marks, they would guide me to the frontier and see that I got across safely.

"It was impossible to refuse. They had me in their power and were dictating terms. I expected to be betrayed, but I paid over the sum demanded. One of them went away, leaving the other to guard me until nightfall. On his return they held a consultation and insisted on having every sou I had on me. What could I do? I gave them 320 marks more, 820 marks in all. They searched me to make sure that I had been properly burglarized, then amazed me by keeping their end of the bargain and escorting me into Holland."

If Delauny took a serious crisis lightly, a Russian soldier in the expeditionary force in France failed to realize the humor of an episode of his earlier campaigning against the Austrians. This man, a solemn, unilluminated Slav

named Paul Ivanowski, told me a few minutes after we had made each other's acquaintance that he was an escaped prisoner.

He had been cut off from his company, it transpired, in an action in Bukowina, and had run into the arms of fifteen Austrians.

"They had fixed bayonets," murmured Ivanowski sadly. "I was one man against them all. 'I am your prisoner, noble gentlemen,' I said. But the Austrians looked at me curiously and asked how far away the Russian positions might be.

"'A verst or two, masters,' I answered.

"'You could find your way back?'

"'Without doubt, were it not for you.'

"'In that case, be of good heart,' declared their officer. 'You are not our prisoner. On the contrary, we are yours.'

"I took them to headquarters, and the Colonel recommended me for a medal," concluded Ivanowski, tapping a ribbon on his breast. "I could not see that I had done so very much. It was the Austrians who had proved traitors to their Emperor by helping me to escape."

The last phrase was characteristic of the man's singularly matter-of-fact point of view.

A Russian officer, in Paris on a special mission in connection with munitions, but who had seen service against both the Germans and Austrians, was the authority for the following details of an escape, in many respects a companion exploit of that of Serge Selivanow, already described.

One of his comrades was captured by the Austrians during the first few weeks of the war. The prisoner, Boris Kawotny by name, was sent to Buda Pest, where he of course received no news of the war. He did not know whether the advance in Galicia had progressed, or whether the minor disaster in which he had been a participant had been part of a general rout of his countrymen. When he and hundreds of other captives were later rushed back toward the front, he had no idea of what would be expected of him.

Near Stanislau, within sound of cannonading from the scene of battle, he was set to work digging trenches. This

convinced him that the Austrians, hard pushed, were preparing positions on which to retire. He resolved to escape at the first opportunity.

One day, he and a comrade darted from under the very noses of their guards, through a wood and into an uninhabited valley, where they eluded pursuit. Pressing on the following night, they stumbled upon a railroad junction gorged with supply trains. They were fired at, and could find no better hiding place than an open car loaded with hay. They burrowed into the hay, and thereafter had little choice but to remain. In the morning, the train left for the front. It was shunted on to a siding behind the Austrian third lines, but was not immediately unloaded.

For nearly a week the Russians endured the ordeal of lying in their cramped positions and breathing air thick with vegetable dust. The rain fell and matted the hay into a sodden and steaming mass. Their only food was ears of wheat, which were fairly plentiful in the carload. They foraged for them, husking the grains between their palms. Occasionally they ventured out at night and drew water from a cistern.

Their situation was desperate to the point of hopelessness. The car stood in the middle of the camp. If they left it, they would certainly be taken. If they stayed on, sooner or later the hay would be unloaded and they would be back in captivity, with a severe punishment in store for them. Abject surrender seemed the most reasonable course. Yet Boris Kawotny, with the roar of friendly artillery in his ears, could not bring himself to yield. He kept alive the courage of his companion, even on a certain day of suspense when soldiers with pitchforks got to work above their heads, only to abandon their task because they found the fodder to be too damp to feed to their horses.

He obtained his justification when a spell of accurate shelling threw the Austrian camp into confusion. It was broad daylight, but the Russians took advantage of the panic to bolt for freedom. They got clear of the camp. In a wood, Kawotny became separated from his friend. He wandered

on alone, and presently came upon the corpse of an officer. With the *sang froid* of necessity, he changed his uniform for that of the dead man. Thus disguised, his progress became easy.

He passed the third and second lines of the Austrian position unquestioned. At the first line trenches, he drew his sword as if leading a charge and plunged into the barbed wire entanglements. Both sides fired at him and missed consistently. He threw away the now useless sword, blundered over the obstacle, and shouting information about his true character in Russian, he reached his own people, unwounded except for a few scratches received from the barbed wire.

This exploit gave him considerable fame, as he was the first Russian soldier to regain his liberty by way of the firing lines in the Galician campaign of 1914.

Heroes or primitives? Which term should be applied to these dare-devils of the Twentieth Century? Perhaps both. However degrading captivity may be, it takes heroism to risk one's life a hundred times over, with return to the fighting ranks as the goal. But to judge by the personalities of the soldiers whose stories I have sketched, it is to only a small degree a reasoned, patriotic heroism. It is the spirit of the forlorn hope, the blind courage of the cave-man, who, no more than his brother, the lion, can endure to be caged if there is any means of bursting through the bars to freedom.

FOLLOW THE WAR
READ FORUM

IN THE WAKE OF LOUVAIN*

L. MOKVELD

(War Correspondent of "De Tijd")

AS soon as I heard about the horrors that took place at Louvain, I hastened to try and get there to find out, if possible, by personal observation the truth of the numberless conflicting stories that would undoubtedly grow up from the facts. I expected that the situation round about the town would be rather critical, and decided to proceed cautiously. It is rather a long stretch of nearly forty-five miles, but I succeeded in getting to Louvain in the afternoon.

The road itself had prepared me already in some degree for the horrors I should find there. All the villages through which I passed, excepting Tongres and the townlets of St. Trond, Borgloon, and Tirlemont, were for the greater part burned down or shelled into ruins. The German troops, who had been stoutly resisted during their march through St. Trond and Tirlemont, had attacked in a great rage the civilian population. They set the houses on fire and aimed their rifles at the terror-stricken civilians who fled from them. The men were nearly all killed, but women and children were shot as well.

On the road from Borgloon to Thienen I had a chat with an old crone, who stood weeping by the ruins of her miserable little cottage, which she refused to leave. This little house, which strenuous zeal had enabled her to buy, was all she possessed on earth besides her two sons, both fallen through the murderous lead of those barbarians, and buried in the little garden at the back of their ruined home. Of another family, living close by, the father and two sons were murdered in the same way.

Between Thienen and Louvain I met endless trains of refugees, exactly like those I had seen already near Visé, Liège, and other places. These also carried their wretched bundles, and children and young people did their utmost to

* From THE GERMAN FURY IN BELGIUM, permission of George H. Doran Company, Publishers.

encourage and support their elders on their arduous path. All these people saluted me in a cringing, timid manner nodding smilingly and taking off their caps already from afar.

I saw some extremely poor people, very old and stiff, to whom walking was nearly impossible. A Bavarian soldier escorted them. He had his rifle slung across his back and in both hands carried the luggage of the unfortunate creatures. He seemed to have come a long way already, for he looked tired, and the perspiration ran down his face. Although it is only natural to assist one's fellow-creatures, this scene touched me, for hitherto I had seen the Germans commit rough, inhuman deeds only.

I noticed the smell of fire already several miles from Louvain. On both sides of the road small mounds indicated the graves of soldiers who fell during the brave resistance of the Belgians before Louvain. A small wooden cross and some pieces of accoutrement were the only decorations. Carcasses of horses were lying in the fields, from which came a disagreeable smell.

The town was on fire, and ruddy smoke hovered over it. Deserted like a wilderness, not a soul moved in the streets. The first street I entered was the Rue de la Station. Large, imposing mansions used to stand here, but the devouring fire consumed even the last traces of former greatness.

All houses were on fire, and every now and then walls fell down with a roar of thunder, shrouding the greater part of the street in a thick cloud of suffocating smoke and dust. Sometimes I had to run to escape from the filthy mass. On several walls an order was written in chalk directing the men to come to the market-place to assist in extinguishing the fire, and the women to stay indoors. As soon as the order had been obeyed the Germans drove the men from the market to the station, where they were packed in trucks like cattle.

Farther on in the Rue de la Station lay nine rotting carcasses of horses, the intestines oozing from the bodies, and a greasy substance was poured over their skin. The stench was unbearable and made breathing nearly impossible, which

compelled me to jump on my bicycle and escape as quickly as possible from the pestilential surroundings.

The sun was already setting, and became still redder, making still more abominable and more infernal the glare of the burning town. Nobody moved about in this abode of death.

I roamed about aimlessly in a scorching heat. Whither? I did not know myself. I did not know Louvain and met nobody whom I might ask something. I came near a couple of streets that were only ruins; the walls collapsed against each other and filled the roadway with rubbish, so that sometimes I could not see whether I walked on or beside the place where the houses used to stand.

Bicycling was of course out of the question; I shouldered my bicycle and stepped across the glowing cinders, which singed my soles. One spot could still be recognized as a street corner. Three soldiers emerged there suddenly and aimed at me with their rifles.

I explained who I was, and was then allowed to come nearer. They were drunk, and with glassy eyes talked about francs-tireurs, the friendship Germans felt for Netherlanders, and so on. One of them entered the still burning corner house and returned with three bottles of wine, one a bottle of Champagne; corks were drawn and one of the bottles handed to me. First I said that I never took wine, then that the doctor had forbidden it; it was of no use. The fellow who held the bottle in front of me got nasty, and shouted:

"If you don't drink with us you are not our friend." At the same time he beat the ground with his rifle-butt and, willy-nilly, I had to drink.

Suddenly several shouts sounded in the neighborhood. The three took their rifles and looked around, somewhat scared. They assured me that they would protect me. If there had been occasion for it, it would have been against their own comrades, for a troop of soldiers came sailing along, swinging about their rifles and shooting at the burning houses as they walked on, without rhyme or reason,

anyhow and anywhere. They were drunk also. At last I was able to shake off my "friends," and got through another street into the market-place, at the townhall and St. Peter's Church. The beautiful townhall happily was not destroyed, as the first reports intimated, but St. Peter's had been damaged most cruelly. The spire had disappeared, the roof collapsed, windows broken, the altar burned, the pulpit badly damaged, and so forth. The two last-named parts were fine works of art.

For the rest, most houses in the market-place were on fire. Soldiers were billeted on one of the corner houses, and I was of course detained there, but released again, after having been requested to show up the francs-tireurs. I had to consider also where I might pass the night in this burning city? I asked an officer's consent to stay the night with the soldiers. He gave his permission if I could get the consent of the commanding officer, whom I might find at the station; he told me that he was sure to grant it.

Before I got there I passed the Halls of Louvain, the building that contained the world-famous library, with its numerous art-treasures. Only the outer walls were left standing, inside it was all ruins. All was reduced to dust, to miserable rubbish, and never will one single page be recovered of all those thousands of burned manuscripts.

I was greatly astonished to see a little old man sitting by his house, while all those in the neighborhood were burning. His own dwelling had escaped without much damage, and was only hit by rifle bullets. He told me that his family had fled, his son with wife and all children but one, a small boy. At length he left also, but had lost his way outside the town, and returned to his house, where the Germans "allowed" him to remain. I considered that I might after all sleep better in that house than yonder among the soldiers, and asked the little man whether he would put me up for the night. He did not object at all; but in spite of my pressing, he refused absolutely to accept any payment.

"But," he said, "but perhaps you brought some bread with you to eat on the road, and I should like to have a piece

of that . . . not for myself . . . but for my grandchild; we had nothing to eat all day long, and the little boy is so . . . is so hungry."

The poor man wept, and although I had taken with me no more than two pieces of bread-and-butter, which I had not touched yet, I could not bear the sight of these poor, hungry things, and handed over to them my food.

As I passed a Red Cross Hospital, partly spared, I noticed a Flemish doctor, who first looked at me from the door held ajar, and then came nearer; a strapping young fellow with a black beard. After I had made myself known as a Netherlander, he was clearly surprised, and it seemed as though he had a lot to ask or to tell. I expected to hear a torrent of abuse against the Huns, who had destroyed everything, and murdered so many innocent people, or a lament about the valuable treasures of the library, which also had not been spared; but no, other thoughts occupied his mind. With a slightly trembling voice he asked:

"Ah well, you come from The Netherlands; tell me whether it is true that you have let the Germans through, allowing them to ravish us? Tell me whether this is true or not?"

The man became quite excited, and took hold of my sleeve. He looked me straight in the face, as if he wanted to find out by the expression of my eyes whether I spoke the truth. I could easily stand the scrutinizing look, for I knew too well how utterly false those suspicions were. So I replied with great emphasis:

"I know that those rumors have been spread about, but also that they were contradicted by Belgian officials. I know also, and can affirm it from my own personal observation, that there is not a single word of truth in those accusations, for I passed the early days of the war in the district where the fight was going on."

The good man's face became quite cheerful, he grasped my hand, deeply moved, and, pressing it warmly, said:

"Ah, well, I am sincerely glad to hear that. You cannot believe what awful sorrow it gave us, Flemings, when

we heard that the Netherlanders were conspiring with the Germans."

The doctor now became more communicative on other matters. According to him the Germans contended that the inhabitants had been shooting from windows and cellars, in order to prevent the garrison from assisting their comrades, who were fighting a battle against the Belgians at a distance of about four miles and a half from the town. Such an organized action of the inhabitants, under the tyrannical rule of the Germans during the eight days before the destruction, he called impossible, and therefore the whole accusation absurd. At any rate they had felt that the destruction was coming, and had been planned systematically, for during those eight days the Germans had plundered the population, and taken from them all bread, even what they required to feed themselves.

To avenge this alleged shooting by civilians the fires had been kindled in the houses, maxims placed in the streets, women and children beaten, men imprisoned or murdered.

The discovery by the Germans of so-called depots of Belgian rifles, each rifle labeled with the name of a citizen, was a gigantic "misunderstanding." Already before the Germans occupied the town the burgomaster had issued an order that all arms should be delivered. The inhabitants had obeyed, and the rifles were provided with a card, so that each might be returned to the lawful owner after the war. This collection of arms had been used by the Germans as evidence of an organized revolt of the citizens.

When I told the doctor that I had to go to the station, he explained to me how I could get there without walking across red hot cinders, and I followed his advice. I walked through quarters which used to be the pride of the city, but were now turned into heaps of rubbish.

They made also sad havoc of the Boulevard de Namur. Many mansions of the aristocracy had been destroyed and many people killed. There were corpses still lying on the Boulevard as I passed, all in a state of decay. The smell was unbearable and the sight loathsome, especially when I

saw several drunken soldiers insulting the bodies of these unfortunate people.

In the flowerbeds in front of the station many corpses had been buried, especially those of soldiers who had been killed in the fight near Louvain. The station itself was well guarded, but, thanks to my passport and resolute manner, I gained admission and was finally ushered into the presence of the man who is responsible for the destruction of Louvain, Von Manteuffel.

I had expected to meet a terrible creature, but must admit that he was as kind as possible. As soon as he had learned from my papers that I was a Netherland journalist, he jumped up and stood in the attitude as though he saw in me the personification of the Kaiser. He already probably felt the pangs of remorse, and now wanted to try and justify himself as far as possible in the eyes of the public.

He stated that the cause of the destruction was the necessity of punishment, because Belgian soldiers in civilian dress had stayed behind in Louvain, waiting to attack the German army from behind at the first favorable opportunity. They thought that their chance had come when for a short time the German troops had to be withdrawn from the fortified camp of Antwerp to take their share in a fight near Louvain. Von Manteuffel thought that by attacking the troops in the town the Belgians hoped to prevent the Louvain garrison from assisting their comrades.

He did not seem to mind much the destruction of the Halls with their world-famous wealth of books; anyway he spoke about it in an unconcerned tone. But he seemed to attach great importance to the safety of the town-hall. He said that when the buildings adjoining the town-hall began to burn, he had them blown up in order to keep the fire away from the beautiful monument.

As darkness was coming on I asked him whether it was not dangerous to pass the night in the house of that little old man, whom I mentioned above. He saw nothing dangerous in it, as by far the greater part of the town was deserted, and no attack need be feared.

So I thought that I might chance it. The house was some distance from the station, near the railway line; opposite stood a sort of goods station guarded by six soldiers. Before entering the house I had a chat with them, for I thought that if I explained my position and told them that the commanding officer gave me permission to pass the night in that house, I should be much safer if anything should happen during the night, because they knew then that they had to deal with a neutral journalist. They might moreover warn me should the fire that was raging all around reach that house. So I told the whole story to these fellows, who were also more than half drunk, showed them my passports, gave them some cigars, and after a friendly chat went to the old man who was to put me up for the night.

There was of course no gas lit, and there was no paraffin lamp in the house. I was shown to my room by the dim light of a candle. The old man could hardly get up the stairs, as he was trembling all over in consequence of the days passed in fear and dread. The ceiling of my bedroom had been pierced by bullets, and the fragments covered nearly the whole of the bed, which had not been made after it was last used. The unaccustomed work of stripping and making the bed was soon finished, and I was hardly ready when a soldier entered at the door, which had to be left open by order, and shouted from the bottom of the staircase that I was not allowed to have a light, and must blow out my candle.

I was soon fast asleep, tired out by my bicycle ride of that day of about forty-five miles, and my wanderings through Liège. But my rest was not to be a long one. At about ten o'clock I was awakened by a great noise on the stairs, and was surprised to see six armed soldiers in my room. That is not exactly a pleasant manner of waking up after so short a sleep. They informed me in a gruff voice that I had to get up, to dress and follow them. As I obeyed the order, I asked what gave me this unexpected honor; but they refused to enlighten me on that point.

After I had dressed in their presence, they searched all my pockets, and felt all over my body to find out whether I

had any arms concealed about me. Then three soldiers went downstairs, I had to follow these, and the other three came in the rear. I did not understand at all of what capital crime I was suspected which made it necessary to have me arrested by six soldiers armed to the teeth.

We waited in the street for two of the soldiers who went to fetch the old man. After waiting a good while the poor wretch appeared between them. He wept profusely, and between his loud sobs affirmed repeatedly that he was innocent, that he did not know me, that I told him I was a Netherland journalist, and so on, and so on: "Oh, gentlemen!—oh, gentlemen!" he exclaimed, "I must not leave my little boy . . . my laddie; . . . he is quite alone. . . . Oh, let me go!" . . .

I pitied him from the bottom of my heart, and tried to console him by remarking that it was all a misunderstanding, and that I would positively see to it that he would soon be released.

"Come now quietly," I said; "so much the sooner you will be back with your laddie."

But he did not take any notice of all my exhortations and was entirely impervious to them in his grief. So I went to the station side by side with the weeping man, and surrounded by the six soldiers. The crackle of the flames, the sound of collapsing houses seemed more terrifying in the night than in day-time, and now and again I got a shock when suddenly, by the uncertain light of the flames, I saw the corpse of a civilian lying in the dark shade of the tall trees on the Boulevard.

Whenever our escort fancied that they saw something, they stopped and called out to the supposed approaching persons: "Who goes there?" Sometimes it was only some shrubs that they saw; at other times patrolling German soldiers. "Parole?" was asked: "Duisburg!" and after that answer they came nearer. At the station I was taken to an officer who sat at a table on the platform and had lit up his nearest surroundings by means of a paraffin-lamp. My little old man wept now so badly that he was quite unmanageable,

and the officer made up his mind to get rid of him as quickly as possible.

"Tell me, father," he began, "did you allow this man by your side to stay the night at your house?"

"Oh . . . oh . . . let me . . . go to my laddie . . . let me go . . . oh . . oh."

"Yes, all right, you may go, but we only want you to tell us what you know of this man."

"Oh—oh . . . I don't understand you . . . let me go . . . my little boy . . . we have nothing to eat . . . we are innocent . . . I do not know the gentleman . . . oh . . . oh!"

I took the liberty to explain to the officer that the man did not understand him, and stated that he did not know me.

"Then, why did you want to stay at the man's house? —what brought you here?"

Thus my examination opened. I told him everything from beginning to end, also that the commanding officer had given me permission to stay at that house, that I had shown my papers to the soldiers at the goods station opposite the house, and that I did not understand why I should be put to all this inconvenience.

He explained to me that one of those soldiers accused me of . . . spying and arson. He had thought to recognize in me a person who had asked him that afternoon whether he was . . . a Belgian or a German soldier, and whom he had also seen escaping from a factory which was in full blaze a moment later.

Highly indignant, I claimed of course that that soldier should also be called; but I was told that I had better assume a more modest tone. I then asked to be taken to the commanding officer, whom I had seen that afternoon; but he was away on inspection or something, and would not return before the next morning.

After this the officer examined my papers carefully one by one, and had to admit that they were in perfect order. Still, he had no authority to take a decision before I had been seen by the commanding officer.

The old man was allowed to go home, escorted by the same soldiers. At the very moment that he was about to leave, I happened to notice on the platform a gigantic heap of loaves, brought in by train for the soldiers.

"Do you know," I asked the officer, "that this old man and his grandchild are starving? He put me up because I gave him a couple of pieces of bread-and-butter for the child." He looked at me somewhat crossly, but inquired all the same whether my information was correct, and then gave the old man two loaves, which dried his tears immediately, and for which he thanked the donor in a quivering voice.

Two soldiers now took everything I had in my pockets, even my watch and my purse. This brought also to light a German map of Belgium, with a stamp "For military use only." I was told in a gruff voice that this was a highly suspicious thing, and that they could not understand how it got into my possession. I replied quite coolly that I had bought the thing in Aix-la-Chapelle for one mark, where it could be had in many shops, and that the words, "For the military only" merely revealed the shrewd German commercial instinct, which knows that people always like to possess things which are not meant for them.

I believe that this made him angry; at least he ordered me to take off my shoes also, and their inside was carefully examined.

I was now escorted to a spot where on some straw several soldiers were sleeping, who had to do sentry-go at two o'clock that night. It was a part of the platform which was not even roofed, and entirely under the open sky. But they anyway had straw to lie on, and sufficient cover, but I had to lie down between them on the flags, without any blanket. A separate sentry was commanded to watch me; every two hours another was charged with the task. I was allowed to try and sleep, with the warning that I should be shot at the slightest attempt to escape.

It was a chilly night, and a dense heavy fog made it impossible to see anything. . . . My "bed-fellows" raged and fumed at me, saying that I was one of those

villains who had treacherously shot them. I shivered from the cold, and felt, as it were, the dampness of the wet stone floor entering my system.

While all the others were denouncing me, one soldier was ready to believe that I was a peaceful foreign journalist, and that all the misunderstanding would disappear the next morning as soon as I should be taken to the commanding officer. He took pity on me, and got a thick soldier's coat for me as cover. I still feel grateful to the man for it. But sleep was out of the question on that wet floor, in the dense fog. When the guard was changed and soldiers came back, or others went, they could not see in the dark where they went, and treated me to a kick against my head or some other part of my body.

It was a fantastic night. Trains arrived out of the foggy darkness, their screeching whistle resounding from the far distance, and when they steamed into the station a storm of noise arose. All these trains brought British prisoners of war, captured by the Germans at St. Quentin, and hundreds of German soldiers escorted the trains, which were all covered over with green branches, and looked like copse-wood sliding along the railroad. As soon as they rumbled into the station the escorts sang loudly their patriotic songs, and "Germany before all other!" ("Deutschland über Alles!") vibrated through the fog.

The soldiers lying round about me, and those in other parts of the station, got up, shouting, "There are the British," and ran towards the arriving trains. They jeered at the beaten enemies in all sorts of vulgar and filthy words, which made the German enthusiasm absolutely lacking in chivalry. Eight trains with captured British arrived during that night.

At seven o'clock in the morning I was taken to the commanding officer, and was glad to see him again. He jumped up immediately and came to me with a charming smile, when I pointed to my escort and explained that I was a prisoner.

He flushed red with anger, and asked the sergeant what it all meant. The latter told the story and I filled in some details.

He showed the most profound indignation, and offered his apologies with lively gestures. He said that my papers proved quite clearly that I was a Netherland journalist. He declined to allow any further examination, and gave the peremptory order that everything that had been taken away from me should be returned at once. When I had put everything in my pockets, he asked:

"Have they given you back everything?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, "excepting my pocketknife."

"Where is that knife?" Von Manteuffel asked the sergeant who had fetched my belongings.

"But that is a weapon, general!"

"Return that knife at once!"

The general expatiated once more on the francs-tireurs of Louvain, and asked me to explain in my papers without fail that the citizens had to thank themselves for what had happened. The sergeant who had taken me to him was ordered to escort me, that I might not have any further trouble with the soldiers in the city.

I started on my return journey to The Netherlands sick to death. The consequences of lying on that wet floor made themselves badly felt, and besides being quite stiff and chilly, my interior was badly out of order.

Many refugees returned to Louvain that morning simply driven by hunger. I myself lived still on the breakfast I had at Maastricht on the previous day, and badly wanted something to eat, but still more a cup of hot coffee, to warm my chilled body. I was able to get the coffee—without milk or sugar—from a peasant along the road, but food was out of the question. Most of the people had nothing left, others saved a piece of bread as hard as a brick for the moment when hunger might drive them to extreme distress. Whatever sums I offered, nothing could be had before I came to Tirlemont, where I was able to buy three eggs.

I had a rather amusing meeting at Tongres, with a Netherland colleague, who was on his way to Louvain.

"Where do you come from?" was his first question.

"From Louvain!"

"Have you been there already? I am going there too. How are things there?"

"Have you got anything for me to eat?" I asked, not heeding his words.

I said it quite innocently, without any other desire beyond that of taking off the edge of my really trying hunger. But the effect of my question was surprising indeed. He looked at me dumfounded, and asked:

"But where did you stay then during the night?"

"I have been arrested."

"And did you not get anything to eat?"

"No!"

He was back in The Netherlands before me.

LOUVAIN UNDER THE MAILED FIST

The next day at Maastricht I tried to cure the evil results of that night on the damp floor in Louvain by eating great quantities of rice and drinking much cocoa with liberal doses of cinnamon, but as it was of no avail, I started again the next morning.

The majority of the refugees returning to Louvain belonged to the lower classes, and they began to loot and plunder the town, encouraged thereto by the German soldiers, who threw the things into the streets, and said: "Take it, if you like!" In extenuation of the looting and plundering I might say that the poor wretches tried before all to get hold of half-burned eatables.

During my first visit I estimated the number of civilian victims at about eighty. This number turned out to be larger, as many during the second fire fled to their cellars, exits of which were however choked up by the collapsing walls. The corpses of numerous suffocated citizens were found in these cellars.

At many monasteries I heard painful details of the treatment suffered by priests. The majority were made prisoners, and many were tied to trees during a whole night and afterwards released. Several were killed. I heard, for example,

at the convent of the Jesuits that a student of theology, Eugene Dupiereux, had been murdered, simply because he was found to have kept a diary of the war in which he had expressed a rather unfavorable opinion about the Germans. In the same manner two Josephite brothers were murdered, who later on were found to be Germans; of other priests who had been killed, the names were not yet known.

Many clerical gentlemen connected with the University had been ill-treated in the most atrocious manner. The architect Lenertz, a native of Luxemburg, also connected with the University, had been shot, for no reason at all, before the eyes of his wife at the moment that he left the house. And Louvain was so effectively cut off from the outer world that in most convents I was asked whether the rumor was true that the Pope was dead! And at that time his successor had already been appointed.

I succeeded in laying my hands on an original copy of a proclamation that ought not to have been posted before the following day. I took the document with me to The Netherlands, and it is of special interest, because in it the Germans admit to have tyrannized the people, and to have not only burned Louvain, but also ransacked the town. The proclamation had been drawn up in concert with the German authorities and was approved by them. It was in French and in Flemish, and read as follows:

"PROCLAMATION

"To the inhabitants of the City of Louvain

"We have in vain visited our municipal representatives. The last of them, Alderman Schmidt, who was prevented from fulfilling his office, surrendered to us the municipal power on August 30th.

"I believe that it is my duty to take that task upon me, assisted by some well-known burgesses, who have undertaken to stand by me.

"In agreement with the German military authority I invite the inhabitants of Louvain to return to the city, and to take up again their usual occupations.

"The orders issued by Monsieur Collins remain valid.

"I mention more especially:—

"1. That it is prohibited to be out of doors after seven o'clock (Belgian time) in the evening.

"2. That all who are in possession of any arms, of whatever description, or any munition must at once deliver everything at the town-hall.

"3. That everything that may appear hostile to the German army must be avoided with the utmost care.

"*The German military authorities have promised us that on these conditions no further burning and looting shall take place and that the population shall no longer be threatened or embarrassed.*

"We are engaged now most actively upon the re-establishment of the municipal services: Police, Municipal Register, and the Services of the Canals, which services will all be reopened as soon as possible.

"The police service will be performed in the daytime by some volunteers, who will wear an armlet in the municipal colours, and an identity card, both officially stamped. Well-minded persons, who are willing to perform these duties, are urgently requested to present themselves at the town-hall to-day at four o'clock in the afternoon.

"The acting burgomaster, A. NERINCX.
"The town-clerk, EUG. MARGUERY.
"The committee of burgesses: Dr. BOINE *Pastor* CLAES, DR. P. DEBAISIEUX, DR. DECONINICK, CH. DE LA VALLEÉ-POUSSIN, MONSEIGNEUR DEPLOIGNE, P. HELLEPUTTE, A. THIERY, DR. TITS, L. VERHELST, V. VINGEROEDT.

"LOUVAIN,
September 1st, 1914."

Pastor Claes, mentioned in the above proclamation, has done very much for the miserable Louvain population; they owe him especially much gratitude for an act of devotion with regard to the murdered victims.

In the immediate neighborhood of the railway station a house was being built, of which only the foundations were laid. The place showed nothing beyond a huge cavity. I had noticed already several times that there was an atrocious stench near the station, which at last became unendurable. Pastor Claes, who courageously entered all destroyed houses to look for the dead, had discovered the victims also in this place. In the cave just mentioned he found sixteen corpses of burghers, two priests among them. In order to remove

them from the street the Germans had simply thrown them into that cave, without covering the corpses in any way. They had been lying there for days, and were decaying rapidly.

I witnessed Pastor Claes's labours for a moment only, for the smell was unbearable even at a somewhat considerable distance. The good pastor persevered in the work after having started it, with the assistance of some faithful helpers, who all of them had sealed their mouths with a sponge soaked in some disinfectant. The corpses were taken from the cave, money and documents put away in separate bags, and the unfortunate owners coffined and blessed.

During the next days I found a hospitable domicile at the convent of the Sacred Heart on the Namur Canal ("Naamsche Vest"). It is a seminary for missionaries, and when I went to them for the first time I had a letter from their head, the "provincial" in The Netherlands, who sent the order that all the theological students should be transferred to The Netherlands as quickly as possible. They received me with the greatest kindness, and ever since I enjoyed their hospitality.

A short time after the destruction I was even obliged to accept it for a whole week, as on the same day on which I arrived in Louvain for another visit there was renewed fighting round the town. The Belgians had advanced as far as Rotselair, where the next day they held their ground against overwhelmingly superior numbers; but at last they had to retire, leaving a great many dead behind. The Belgians had even got on to the road Tirlemont-Louvain and blown up the railway line in two places.

On that occasion the Germans arrested me at about two miles from Tirlemont. Firstly, because I traveled by bicycle, and secondly, because I was accused of having "cooked" one of my passports.

This was so far true that I had altered the dates of a passport, which allowed me to stay in Louvain from September 6th till the 14th, into the 8th and the 16th. When taken to the commanding officer in Tirlemont, I convinced him so

thoroughly of my complete innocence, that the next day I was allowed to go on to Louvain.

There the German authorities detained me for a full week, by prohibiting me to return: "For the sake of your own safety," they told me courteously. During the day I was busy enough, and in the evenings I enjoyed the pleasant company of the three fathers of the Sacred Heart who had remained in the mission house, and with whose photographic instrument I took many a snapshot of the Louvain ruins.

The mission house had become a sanctuary for a good many people. As bread was lacking, two brothers fried pancakes all day long and distributed them among the numberless persons who asked for food. Among these were people who a few days earlier belonged to the well-to-do, but who saw their business, in which often more than their own capital was invested, wrecked by fire, and were now obliged to appeal to the charity of these monks. Indeed during the first weeks after that terrible event many starved, and I assisted often at the distribution of the pancakes, because they were short-handed.

In this grand old monastery, both inside and out a jewel of architecture, about five hundred people had found shelter. They were lodged in halls, rooms, and kitchens. The fathers gave them everything in the way of food they might require, but they had to do their own cooking. As not one of these people had a home left, which they could call their own, no wonder that they greatly admired the fathers. Often when I strolled about with one of these, one or other of the refugees came to him to press his hand and express gratitude for the hospitality offered.

In this way I got into conversation with a middle-aged lady. Her husband had been shot, and she got a bullet in her arm, which had to be amputated in consequence. The poor creature had lost all courage, and lived on her nerves only. It was remarkable to hear this father find the right words, and succeed in making her calm and resigned. Before she left us, she had promised that for her children's sake she would do all in her power to control herself.

During the week of my compulsory stay in Louvain I had also the privilege of making the acquaintance of two brave compatriots; I mean Professor Noyons and his wife.

They never left Louvain. On August 25th information was sent to the Leo XIII Institution for Philosophy, a building turned into a hospital, that a hundred wounded men might be expected towards evening. That evening began the wild shooting and burning of houses by the Germans, and soon a large number of wounded was taken to the Institution. Suddenly Professor Noyons recognized one of his servants among the wounded who were brought to him for treatment. She had three bullets in her side. After having bandaged her wounds, he hurried away to his house, in order to see what had happened.

He thought that it was sufficiently protected by the immense Red Cross flag, and the words written on the door by the Germans themselves: "Professor Noyons, Netherland physician, to be spared." But he had been mistaken. The soldiers did not respect anything, and had forced an entry into the house, wounded that servant, and then wrecked everything in the most scandalous manner. Beautiful large Japanese jars had been smashed to pieces, valuable furniture damaged by knocking and breaking large pieces out of it with rifles and bayonets. A fine carpet was burned, as well as many pieces of furniture. A hole was burned even in the floor.

Professor Noyons took me over the house and showed me the destruction. Bullets had been lodged in the inner walls after piercing the windows and on a level with the windows. By lengthening the line of trajection one found that the bullets must have been fired at a distance of nearly six hundred yards, which proves that the Germans simply fired at random.

As Professor Noyons heard that other hospitals, churches, and ancient buildings were not spared either, he went to the commanding officer through the rain of bullets, clad in his white overalls, to claim protection for everything that lawfully displayed the Red Cross flag, and to request that

churches, convents, ancient buildings, and especially the town-hall should be spared. It is only owing to his intervention that not much more was destroyed in Louvain.

On the Thursday of the week of destruction the inhabitants were notified that they had to leave the town, but Professor Noyons and his wife decided to stay on, as they could not leave the one hundred and fifty wounded men who were laid up at the Institution.

They carried all those patients into the cellars on stretchers, and there waited with the nursing staff for the bombardment that had been announced, but never came off.

Professor Noyons took me all over the hospital, and if I should describe all I saw and heard there, that story alone would fill volumes. He took me, for example, to a boy of eight years old, whose shoulder was shattered by rifle-shots. His father and mother, four little brothers and a sister, had been murdered. The boy himself was saved because they thought that he was dead, whereas he was only unconscious. When I asked for his parents, brothers and sister, he put up his one hand and, counting by his little fingers, he mentioned their names.

There lay also a woman, with one leg amputated. Her husband had been murdered, another bullet had entered the leg of the baby in her arms. Another woman had her child murdered in her arms.

Women and children had frequently been ill-treated in a most atrocious manner, aged and sick people were dragged out of the houses, and flung down in the street. This happened, for example, to an old man, who lay dying in his cellar. In spite of the supplications of his wife and two sons, he was flung on the cobbles, where he died soon. The sons were taken prisoners and sent away. His widow assists at present, nursing other unfortunates at Professor Noyons' hospital.

A paralyzed woman who had also been flung into the street was nursed at the hospital, and lay with many others in the chapel of the Institution, which had been turned into a ward.

Belgian and German soldiers found excellent nursing here. Many convalescents were allowed to walk in the large garden, which was happily divided by a large wall, so that the one-time combatants could be separated.

Professor and Mrs. Noyons were busy day and night on behalf of their fellow-men, and one could quite well tell by their looks that they were overworked. They took their rest in the kitchen, which was built in the basement. All male and female voluntary nurses took their meals there also.

Once I enjoyed the pleasure of partaking of such a "dinner," as the guest of Professor and Mrs. Noyons. The company was very mixed, and men who never in their lives had ever done anything else but spoiling their eyes for the sake of science, by reading all manner of ancient manuscripts, were now busy, dressed in a blue apron, stirring the soup and mashing potatoes or vegetables. The menu comprised nothing but potatoes, a little vegetables, and a finely calculated piece of meat.

At that dinner I also made the acquaintance of Professor Nerincx, the acting burgomaster. It was a courageous act to assume the government of the town destroyed by the Germans; he did it for the sake of his fellow-citizens, who will never be able to requite their indebtedness to the temporary burgomaster for what he did for them; and most of them do not even know it.

The war is not over yet, and much is still hidden under a veil, but after the war it will undoubtedly be the duty of the Louvain people to twine a magnificent wreath round the three names Noyons-Nerincx-Claes.

The names of many priests will be found in the register of Belgian martyrs. I have mentioned already some who, although innocent, gave their life for their country. During my week's stay at Louvain I heard of other cases. The priest of Corbeek-Loo, for example, was simply tortured to death on account of one of his sermons in which he said the fight of the Belgian army was beautiful "because it lawfully resists an unlawful invasion," and further for announcing a

Holy Requiem Mass for the souls of the "murdered" citizens.

At Blauwput, near Louvain, where, according to the Germans, there had been also shooting, many houses were set on fire and the men placed in a row. It was then announced that by way of punishment every fifth man would be shot. When the Germans counted as tenth the father of a large family, that man fainted, and they simply killed number eleven a Capuchin.

Very many other cases of martyrdom among priests remained unknown to me, but the various Belgian bishops examined all these events with praiseworthy zeal and scrupulousness, and by taking extensive evidence established the fact that in no case the victims could be reproached with any act that justified the sentence against them. After the war the world will surely be made acquainted with the horrible truth.

The foregoing record of my experiences in Louvain will make it sufficiently clear to the unprejudiced reader that the destruction and wholesale murders were nothing but wanton crimes committed by the German troops stationed there, crimes which it is impossible to justify on any ground.

The duration of the war has more or less surprised me, and I postponed writing this book for a long time as I wished to quote the evidence of persons in high places, clergymen, and educated foreigners. As the war is not over yet, I must omit these in the interest of their safety.

But from my personal knowledge and the evidence referred to, I am able to establish the following facts in connection with the events that preceded and followed the destruction of Louvain.

On August 25th the Antwerp garrison made a sortie, in the direction of Louvain. At the beginning the Belgians were successful, and came within four and a half miles of this town. For a moment the situation became critical, and at about seven o'clock a small troop of cavalry came at a furious gallop from the scene of battle to Louvain, probably to summon the assistance of the garrison.

At that hour the Namur Canal ("Naamsche Vest") was already dark in consequence of the thick foliage of tall trees, and suddenly the wild horsemen were shot at. Several neutral witnesses established the fact that this was done by a small troop of German infantry who came from the station, probably on their way to the battle-field, and thought that Belgian cavalry came racing into the town.

The men stopped their horses, dismounted, and returned the fire from behind their animals. This went on for about a quarter of an hour. Every one was alarmed by this shooting; other soldiers came racing in from the station, and others ran to and fro near that building crying, "A surprise attack!" Some, thinking that the attack came from the advancing Belgians, rushed to the place where the fighting took place, others misunderstood the cry, believed that the citizens assaulted them, and began to shoot at these, and at the houses.

Before those on the Naamsche Vest found out their mistake, the shooting was going on in the greater part of the town, and the excited men, who at first had been shooting at each other, soon joined the rest. Some wounded troopers were taken to one of the convents on the Vest, but a couple of hours later they were suddenly fetched away again.

The whole evening and the next day the Germans went on shooting people and firing houses. It is worth recording that the library was already set on fire that same evening of the fray on the Naamsche Vest; it was burning at eight o'clock.

On Thursday everyone, even the persons staying in the Institution and hospitals, were ordered to leave the town, as it was to be shelled. They seemed to have no pity even on the wretched wounded men. Only the male and female nurses remained with these, of their own free will, determined to die with them if necessary.

The inhabitants were driven to the station, where the husbands were cruelly separated from their wives and several persons were shot. Other men were escorted to a place behind the station, and their wives and children were told that

those men were going to be shot. The poor things heard indeed the click-clack of the rifles and thought that their dear ones were dead. However, many returned later, and their "shooting" seems to have been a mere sham.

Great crowds walked the long way to Tirlemont. They were constantly threatened by German soldiers, who aimed their rifles at them; passing officers commanded from time to time that some should stay behind, and others were shot. Especially did the clerics amongst the refugees suffer a great deal; many were not only scandalously scoffed at, but also maliciously injured. The greater part of the Germans showed a strong anti-Catholic bias, in particular against the clergy, whom they accused of having incited the people against them.

This is only a short record of the destruction of Louvain, the truthfulness of which will be firmly and fully established after the war by extensive, accruately drawn-up declarations.

Louvain had been destroyed because a crowd of wanton soldiers, who were garrisoned there, who hated the Belgians, and who had been kept within bounds with difficulty, seized on their own stupid mistake to give rein to their passions.

Their commanding officer was the worthy head of such a mob, a heartless creature, who did not show the slightest remorse for the destruction of those magnificent libraries, set on fire *by his order*.

It has been alleged that civilians had been shooting from the Halls, but when a committee examined the remains in the building with the consent of the military, they found there the carcass of a German horse. They were ordered to stop their investigations immediately, for that horse was evidence . . . that German military men had been billeted on the building, and thus no civilians could have been there. This will also be published later in the reports.

The German authorities left indeed no effort untried to cover up their atrocious action. Already in a communication from Wolff, dated August 29th, they attempted to violate the truth by asserting that:—

"The houses caught fire from burning benzine, and the flames burst out in other quarters also. On Wednesday

afternoon part of the town and the northern suburb were in flames."

They have not been able to maintain that story for very long; the truth overtook the lie.

May all the nations of the world after the war collaborate to compensate Louvain for her martyrdom, see that this city shall be restored to her former, happy prosperity, and get a library which approaches as much as possible the one she lost. The Germans can probably do their part by investigating where the motor-cars went which left the Halls on that wretched Tuesday night, heavily laden with books.

HUY, ANDENNE, AND NAMUR

Between two of my several trips to Louvain I made one to Namur in the beginning of September, after having secured at Liege, by a trick, a splendid permit which enabled me to travel even by motor-car.

There was a little more order in the whole district round Liège, since the Germans behaved more decently, and provisions had arrived. The shock, which the burning and butchering of so many places and persons gave to the whole world, had also influenced the conduct of the Germans, and from the beginning of September they made a practice of asking each time when they thought that they had behaved decently: "Well, are we such barbarians as the world calls us?"

In this relative calm the population felt somewhat relieved, and ventured again into the streets. Outdoors on the "stoeps" of the houses men sat on their haunches smoking their pipe and playing a game of piquet. Most of them were vigorous fellows, miners, who did not mind any amount of work, but now came slowly under the demoralizing influence of idleness.

My motor whirled along the gloriously fine road to Huy. It is a delicious tour through the beautiful valley of the Meuse, along sloping light-green roads. Had the circumstances not been so sad, I should have enjoyed it better.

I had already been near Huy, at a time when several burning houses shrouded the whole town in clouds of smoke. On August 24th, at ten o'clock at night, some shots had been fired in the neighborhood of the viaduct. This was a sign for hundreds of soldiers to begin shooting at random and arrest several persons. Several houses were perforated like sieves by bullets, and an entire street of twenty houses, the Rue du Jardin, was reduced to ashes. No civilians were killed.

It is evident from the "Report on the Violations of International Law in Belgium" that the Germans themselves admit that they were in the wrong with regard to the atrocities which were committed here. The following order of the day proves it:

"Last night a shooting affray took place. There is no evidence that the inhabitants of the towns had any arms in their houses, nor is there evidence that the people took part in the shooting; on the contrary, it seems that the soldiers were under the influence of alcohol, and began to shoot in a senseless fear of a hostile attack.

"The behavior of the soldiers during the night, with very few exceptions, makes a scandalous impression.

"It is highly deplorable when officers or non-commissioned officers set houses on fire without the permission or order of the commanding, or, as the case may be, the senior officer, or when by their attitude they encourage the rank and file to burn and plunder.

"I require that everywhere a strict investigation shall take place into the conduct of the soldiers with regard to the life and property of the civilian population.

"I prohibit all shooting in the towns without the order of an officer.

"The miserable behavior of the men has been the cause that a non-commissioned officer and a private were seriously wounded by German ammunition.

"The Commanding Officer,
"Major Von Bassewitz."

I was informed further that there had been no fighting for the possession of Huy. The citadel on which the German flag flew had not been put in a state of defence on account of its great age. The old bridge over the Meuse at Huy had

been wrecked by the Belgians, but the Germans had simply driven stout piles into the river, to support a floor which they put over the wrecked part, and so restored the traffic.

During my visit I happened to make the acquaintance of Mr. Derricks, a brother of the lawyer who had been murdered so cruelly at Canne, and also a member of the Provincial States. The poor man was deeply moved when he heard the details about his brother's death. I made him very happy by taking a letter with me for his sister-in-law, who was now at Maastricht.

At Andenne things seemed much worse than at Huy. I stopped there on my way to Namur, and had been prepared in Liège for the sad things I should hear. A proclamation posted in the last-named town ran as follows:—

"*August 22nd,* 1914.

"After having protested their peaceful sentiments the inhabitants of Andenne made a treacherous attack on our troops.

"The Commanding General burned down the whole city with my consent, shooting also about one hundred persons.

"I acquaint the inhabitants of Liège of this, that they may understand what fate threatens them if they should assume a similar attitude.

"The Commanding General-in-chief,
"Von Buelow."

General von Buelow says here that he gave his consent to the shooting of about one hundred persons, but I can state with absolute certainty that there were about 400 victims. We must therefore assume that the other 300 were killed without his consent.

Andenne, on the right bank of the Meuse, was a town of 8,000 inhabitants. When the Germans arrived there on the morning of August 19th they found the bridge connecting Andenne and Seilles wrecked. In the afternoon they began building a pontoon bridge, which was ready the next day. They were very much put out about the wrecking of the other bridge, by the Belgian soldiers, a couple of hours before their arrival. Their exasperation became still greater when they discovered after having finished the pontoon bridge,

that the big tunnel on the left bank of the Meuse had also been made useless by barricades and entanglements.

By refusing to pay at cafés and shops the military already expressed their dissatisfaction. Then on Thursday, August 20th, about six in the evening, after a great many troops had crossed the river by the pontoon bridge, a shot was heard which seemed the sign for a terrible fusillade. Guns seemed to have been mounted at convenient places outside the town, for shells exploded right at its centre. The troops did no longer cross the bridge, but spread themselves in a disorderly manner all over the town, constantly shooting at the windows. Even mitrailleuses were brought into action. Those of the inhabitants who could fly did so, but many were killed in the streets and others perished by bullets entering the houses through the windows. Many others were shot in the cellars, for the soldiers forced their way in, in order to loot the bottles of wine and to swallow their fill of liquor, with the result that very soon the whole garrison was a tipsy mob.

It struck me always that as soon as something took place anywhere which might lead to disorder, the method adopted was as follows: first a fusillade in order to scare the inhabitants, secondly looting of numberless bottles of wine, and finally cruel, inhuman murders, the ransacking and the wrecking. The game of shooting and looting went on all through the night of the 20th. Not a window or door remained whole even if the house was not burned down altogether.

At four o'clock in the morning all the men, women, and children who had not yet been put to death were driven to the Place des Tilleuls, but on the way many men had their brains blown out. Amongst others, Dr. Camus, the septuagenarian burgomaster, was then wounded and afterwards received the finishing stroke by a hatchet.

At the Place des Tilleuls fifty men were taken from the crowd at random, escorted to the Meuse, and shot. In the meantime other soldiers went on wrecking, firing, and looting.

Andenne offered a dismal spectacle. The doors and windows of the houses that were not completely burned down had been kicked and beaten to pieces, and boards had been nailed before the holes. The inhabitants hung about disconsolately, and I could tell by their faces how they suffered, for every family in the town mourned the death of one dear to them.

They all became excited whenever I mentioned the accusations brought against them. They asserted with the greatest emphasis that it was an absolute lie that the civilians had shot. "Even if they torture me to death," said most of them, "I'll still contend that this accusation is untrue."

The German officers, of course, held a different opinion; they alleged that the shooting by the civilians was even very general and purported to be a decided attack on the army. I asked them whether they had found any rifles or other arms at the "searches" of the houses—I expressed myself somewhat cautiously on purpose—for that ought to have been the case if such a great number of citizens had joined in the shooting. "No," they answered, "they were sly enough to see to it that we did not find these. They had been buried in time, of course."

The answer is, surely, not very convincing!

The Germans had flung some more bridges across the river beyond Andenne, which had been used for the occupation of Namur chiefly, and lay idle now guarded by only one sentry. I left by the town-gate without any difficulties; the German soldiers jumped out of the way and stood to attention, as soon as they noticed the Netherland flag flying at the front of the motor. To the right and the left of the gateway they had written in gigantic letters: "Newspapers, please!"

Namur was shelled on August 21st and the 23rd. Many houses were then already wrecked, many civilians killed. On the 23rd the Belgian army withdrew and only some of the forts were defended. This withdrawal of the Belgian army may have been a strategical necessity, but it is certain that the forts had not been defended unto the last. Five forts

fell into the hands of the Germans without having suffered any damage.

On the afternoon of the 23rd the hostile troops entered the town, and on that day the inhabitants had not to suffer, excepting from requisitions made. But the following evening it was suddenly on fire at various spots, and the soldiers began to shoot in all directions, making many victims. Before setting the houses on fire, with a liberal use of the lozenges mentioned already, the usurpers ransacked them and removed numerous pieces of valuable furniture. The Place d'Armes, the Place Léopold, the Rue St. Nicolas, Rue Rogier, and the Avenue de la Plante were almost entirely reduced to ashes. With the town-hall many valuable pictures were destroyed. The day following the conflagration they left off shooting at last, but the looting went on for days more.

When I drove into Namur, I found the town comparatively quiet; there was some traffic in the streets, and Belgian army surgeons and British nurses in their uniforms walked about freely. There were many wounded: the German wounded were all placed in the military hospital; the Belgians and the French had been taken to the Sisters of Mercy, the Institution Saint Louis, the High School for Girls, and the Sisters of Our Lady.

When I was eating a little at one of the hotels near the railway station. I was offered the newspaper *l' Ami de l'Ordre,* which had appeared again for the first time on that day, September 7th, under the censorship of the German authorities. For curiosity's sake I translate here the first leaderette, published under the rule of the new masters:—

"ENOUGH DESTROYED, ENOUGH DISTRESSED!

"More than one hundred houses have been burned or wrecked at Namur, among them the town-hall, the house at the Namur Citadel, and the Institution for Ophthalmology in the Place Léopold. In the Grand Marché and its neighborhood about sixty have been destroyed by fire. If we add to this the damage done by the bombardment from Friday the 21st until Sunday the 23rd August, and the wrecking of the bridges after the retreat of the army, we may estimate the losses at 10,000,000 francs.

"Industry, trade, and agriculture exist no longer, labour is unemployed, and food is getting scarce, and over this dismal scene hovers the memory of numerous victims, of hundreds of prisoners of war or missing soldiers. During the bombardment of August 23rd one hundred persons were killed outright, or succumbed to their wounds. There are innumerable other wounded. This it is plain must have plunged the town into deep distress.

"It mourns the lost liberty, the happiness, the peace, the brightness of her past prosperity which has vanished for a long season to come; it laments on account of the prisoners of war, the wounded, the dead. . . . And every morning the brilliant sun rises on the scene, the warm rays bathe town and country, both alike cruelly lashed by the frightful scourge.

"Yesterday crowds of believers prayed for peace, for that blessing which is only valued when it is lost. Let us repeat our supplications twofold, let us increase our zeal. Lord! O Lord! listen to the voice of Thy people who pray to Thee! Be merciful! Give us back our peace!"

THE DESTRUCTION OF DINANT

Adventures incite to ever more risky undertakings, and we long constantly for more sensation. Such an experience prompted me to an arrangement with Mr. Tervooren, editor of *Het Leven,* to try to secure a motor trip to the French frontier.

We left Maastricht, in the early morning of September 9th, with a smart fellow as chauffeur. Louvain we found tolerably quiet, although fearful scenes were witnessed in the search for corpses, which were found in the cellars of many houses.

On that day I saw for the first time in Belgium German sailors and marines, and even an admiral and some officers. At that time the appearance of the naval men gave the newspapers much room for conjectures; it was found later that they were to be used in the attack on Antwerp, and afterwards had the task allotted to them of occupying the seaboard.

I found sailors also in Brussels, but for the rest there was only a little military display there. In this town reigned a certain oppressive silence and the cafés were not much

frequented. The Brussels people did not hide their patriotic sentiments, and nearly every house displayed the Belgian flag, thanks chiefly to the strong attitude of Burgomaster Max. Outwardly Brussels had not suffered by the war; not a house was damaged and nobody had been killed yet. Nor was there lack of provisions, as was proved by the fact that at the "Métropole," one of the largest restaurants, I paid only seventy-five centimes (sevenpence-halfpenny) for bread, cold beef and pickles.

We met only a few Germans on the road from Brussels to Charleroi, and found no garrison except in the townlet Hal. Very little burning had taken place on this road, but so much the more plundering and looting. A woman took us all over her house in the neighborhood of Brussels, to show us the total wrecking. Small pieces of furniture were generally taken away, but stoves, kitcheners and cupboards were smashed. She herself had had her face badly wounded, because she had hidden herself in the cellar when the Germans came near, and they had beaten her out of that with their rifle-butts. Many other women were treated in the same manner.

When we came to Jumet, a suburb of Charleroi, and a prosperous place with flourishing factories, we found the whole town wrecked. . . . Nearly all the houses were burned immediately after the occupation by the Germans, and many inhabitants were killed, of course under the pretext that they had been shooting.

After driving through this scene of misery we entered Charleroi, and exactly at that moment one of the springs of my motor broke in two, which made the car useless. Charleroi seemed worse damaged than Namur. According to an official statement issued at the time, one hundred and sixty-five houses had been burned, among them many on the fine Boulevard Audent, the Saint Joseph Institute, the convent of the Sœurs de Namur, and the adjacent ancient, miraculous little chapel called "Sainte Marie des Remparts."

Probably more than one hundred civilians had been shot,

whereas many perished in the cellars. The heads of the municipality and several priests had at first been taken as hostages. Bail of ten million francs was asked for their release, but after much haggling they consented to accept one and a half millions, which sum was forthcoming from the various local banks.

Just as at Louvain and other towns, the Germans indulged in looting and plundering also at Charleroi; and probably this explains why here too the finest houses were destroyed. Moreover, many atrocious cases of rape occurred here as at Dinant, about which town more anon. At a café, where the proprietor unburdened his mind to me, with tears in his eyes, I read a statement in which they were impudent enough to write that they had passed a pleasant night in circumstances described in detail, whilst the father had been locked up.

Charleroi was taken on August 22nd. On the evening of the 21st a small patrol had entered the town, and of these not a man escaped. But in the morning of the 22nd at seven o'clock a large force of Germans arrived and immediately began to burn and shoot.

On the day of my stay at Charleroi, at about seven o'clock in the evening, there was a good deal of bustle round about the station, many trains from Maubeuge arriving. One of these trains was entirely filled by officers of the garrison who had been taken prisoner. Another carried only wounded Germans, lying on light stretchers, on which they were transported through the streets to the hospitals at Charleroi. Many had fearful wounds, and convulsively held their hands on the injured parts, while others lay still, the pallor of death on their face. Maubeuge must have cost the Germans enormous sacrifices, as for many of the wretched wounded no room could be found at Charleroi, and they had to be taken further by train, to Namur or Brussels.

German officials told that immediately after the surrender Maubeuge had been set on fire in various places, because civilians, etc. . . . The reader is by now able to complete the sentence.

After I had collected some information in the town and my colleague of *Het Leven* had taken several snapshots, we thought that it was time to look for lodgings and to get our motor-car repaired.

We found rooms, but were guarded during the night by soldiers, who walked up and down the landing, because there were officers also staying at the hotel. Their regular footfall prevented us from sleeping a wink, but with the help of some fibs and Netherland cigars we induced them to let us go out, and we went to a sort of smith in a kind of garage to repair the motor-car. We turned up our sleeves and, assisted by the smith's technical directions, succeeded in putting the broken spring together, using stout steel clamps and screws.

Before leaving we went back to the hotel for breakfast. There—it was a first-class hotel—they gave us an apology for coffee, without milk or sugar, and two flimsy pieces of bread, as hard as wood and as black as shoe-polish. I was intensely hungry, and as nowhere at Charleroi anything else could be had, I did my best with the wooden bread and succeeded in washing it down with much chewing and jawing. But the sweet, hard stuff did not suit my digestion, and I felt ill already when at six o'clock we got into the motor-car and left for Dinant.

We could not keep the main road all the time, for it was forbidden by proclamation to go farther than nine miles and a half from the town, and we should have been stopped without fail.

We first drove through the suburb Montigny-sur-Sambre, which shared the fate of Jumet, and was entirely destroyed by fire. After leaving the town we went in the direction of Châtelet, where we found an immense battlefield. Terrific fighting must have taken place here, for the number of buried was enormous. On a wide stretch of land we saw a great number of mounds, with crosses, and covered with quicklime. On the crosses the numbers are given of the brave who fell there. So I read the following for example:

"Here rest 10 soldiers, French, I. Reg 36.
fell 22.8. R.I.P."
"Here rest 23 soldiers, German, I.R. 78. and
91. fell 22.8.14. R.I.P."
"Here rest 7 officers, German, I.R. fell 22.8.14.
R.I.P."
"Here rest 140 soldiers, French, I.R. 36. fell 22.8.
R.I.P."

There were very many similar ones, but I copied only these, because they lay just near the road; farther on there were numerous other white mounds with crosses.

The villages Gougnies and Biesmes had been destroyed also; of the former not one house was left undamaged; but nothing happened to the townlet Mettet. Here we were forbidden to go on, as we were already more than nine miles and a half from Charleroi. This compelled us to leave the main road, and to proceed along byways which soon took us to the Ardennes, where our motor-car rushed along in zigzags.

From time to time the tour became a breakneck affair, as the mountain roads were wet and muddy after much rain, and at corners we were often in great fear of being hurled down into the depth. It was a wonderfully fine district of green rock, although somewhat monotonous after a time, as it seemed that we were simply moving in a circle, which impression was strengthened by the fact that frequently we passed through tunnels and viaducts which were very alike to one another.

I felt very sick, for the sweet rye-bread which I had forced down my throat in the morning did not agree with me at all. At last I felt so ill that I was obliged to lie down on the floor of the car, and it took my colleague all his time to convince me that he did not think that my last hour had struck.

In the end and in despair I accepted an aspirin tablet which he had pressed on me a hundred times, and although I do not know whether it was owing to that, or in spite of it, it was a fact that I felt somewhat better.

After touring quite a long while through this labyrinth, we got at last back to the main road from Namur to Dinant, near Anhec. Here immediately we saw proofs of war, drawn from widespread destruction. The railway bridge across the Meuse near Houx, so picturesquely situated at the foot of a high rock, had been blown up.

Bouvigne, a hamlet near Dinant, had suffered fearfully from the bombardment of that town. Trees were splintered by the shells, the church was nearly a total wreck from the same cause, and two houses by the road had been riddled by bullets into a sieve, and also damaged by shells. On the whole scene of war I have not seen one house carrying so many bullets in it; their holes made the doors look like wire-netting. In these houses the French had barricaded themselves, brought mitrailleuses to them, and defended them until the last. None of those heroes left them alive. My colleague took many snapshots of this remarkable spot, while I collected bullets, fragments of shell, and similar mementos of this warfield.

In order to give the reader some idea of the fearful things that happened at Dinant, I insert here some quotations from the reports drawn up by the Belgian Inquiry Committee about the Violations of International Law, of which I can affirm the truth word for word, because they are identical with the information that I got myself at Dinant:

"The destruction took place from August 21st to the 25th.

"On August 15th a fierce fight took place between the French troops on the left bank of the Meuse and the Germans who approached from the east. The Germans were defeated, put to flight, and chased by the French, who crossed the river. On that day the town was not damaged much. Some houses were destroyed by German howitzers, which were undoubtedly aimed at the French regiments on the left bank. One Red Cross helper who lived at Dinant was killed by a German bullet when he was taking up one of the wounded.

"The next day all remained quiet, the French keeping the surrounding places occupied; not one fight took place between the two armies and nothing happened which might be looked upon as a hostile action by the population, and there were no German troops near Dinant.

"At about nine o'clock of Friday evening, August 21, German soldiers arriving by rail from Ciney marched into the town by the Rue Saint Jacques. They began to shoot into the windows without the slightest provocation, killed a workman who was on his way home, wounded another inhabitant and compelled him to call out: 'Long live the Kaiser.' A third they wounded in the abdomen with thrusts of their bayonets. They burst into the cafés, requisitioned all spirits, got tipsy on them, and left after setting several houses on fire and knocking to pieces the doors and windows of others.

"The inhabitants, frightened and perplexed, hid themselves in the houses.

"On Sunday, August 23rd, at half-past six in the morning, the soldiers of the 108th regiment of the line drove the worshippers out of the Premonstratensian Church, separated the men from the women, and shot about fifty of the former through the head. Between seven and nine o'clock there were house-to-house looting and burning by the soldiers, who chased the inhabitants into the street. Those who tried to escape were shot off-hand.

"At about nine o'clock the soldiers drove all who had been found in the houses in front of them by means of blows from their rifle-butts. They crowded them together in the Place d'Armes, where they kept them until six o'clock in the evening. Their guards amused themselves by telling the men repeatedly that they would soon be shot.

"At six o'clock a captain separated the men from the women and children. The women were placed behind a line of infantry. The men had to stand alongside a wall; those in the first row were ordered to sit on their haunches, the others to remain standing behind them. A platoon took a stand straight opposite the group. The women prayed in vain for mercy for their husbands, their sons, and their brothers; the officer gave the order to fire. He had not made the slightest investigation, pronounced no sentence of any sort.

"A score of these men were merely wounded and fell among the dead. For greater certainty the soldiers fired once more into the mass. A few got off scot-free in spite of the double fusillade. For over two hours they pretended to be dead, remained among the corpses without budging, and when it was dark were able to fly to the mountains. Eighty-four victims remained behind and were buried in a garden in the neighbourhood.

"There were other murders on that same 23rd of August.

"Soldiers discovered inhabitants of the suburb Saint Pierre in the cellars of a brewery, and killed them on the spot.

"On the previous day many workmen of the silk factory Kimmer and their wives and children had found a shelter in the cellars of the building, with some neighbours and relatives of their employer. At

six o'clock in the evening the unfortunate people made up their mind to leave their hiding-place and went into the street, headed by a white flag. They were immediately seized by the soldiers and thoroughly ill-treated. All the men were shot, among them Mr. Kimmer, Consul of Argentina.

"Nearly all the men of the suburb Leffe were massacred en masse. In another quarter twelve citizens were murdered in a cellar. In the Rue en Ile a paralytic was shot in his bathchair, and in the Rue d'Enfer a boy, fourteen years old, was struck down by a common soldier.

"The railway viaduct of the suburb Neffe became the scene of a bloody massacre. An old woman and all her children were shot in a cellar. A man sixty-five years old, his wife, a son and a daughter were placed against a wall and shot through the head. Other inhabitants of Neffe were placed in a boat, taken to the Rocher Bayard, and shot there; among them were a woman eighty-three years old and her husband.

"A number of men and women had been locked in the yard of the prison. . . . At six o'clock in the evening a mitrailleuse was placed on the mountain and fired at them, an old woman and three others being killed.

"Whilst some soldiers committed these murders, others looted and wrecked the houses, smashed the safes or blew them up with dynamite. They forced their way into the Banque Centrale de la Meuse, seized the manager, Mr. Xavier Wasseige, and called upon him to open the safe. As he refused to do so, they tried to force it open, but in vain. Thereupon they took Mr. Wasseige and his two eldest sons to the Place d'Armes, where they and 120 of their fellow-citizens were shot by means of a mitrailleuse. The youngest three children of Mr. Wasseige were held by soldiers and forced to attend the slaughter of their father and brothers. We were also informed that one of the young Wasseiges lay dying for an hour and nobody dared to come to his assistance.

"After the soldiers had performed their duty as vandals and bandits they set the houses on fire. Soon the whole town was one immense pool of fire.

"All the women and children had been taken to a convent, where they were kept imprisoned for four days, without hearing of the fate of their beloved ones. They themselves expected to be shot in their turn. Round about them the burning of the town went on.

"The first day the religious were allowed to give them some food, although not sufficient. Soon they had nothing to eat but carrots and unripe fruit.

"The inquiry also brought to light that the German soldiers on the

right bank, who were exposed to the fire of the French, hid themselves here and there behind civilians, women and children.

"In short the town of Dinant is destroyed. Of 1,400 houses, 200 only remained standing. The factories, where the labouring population got their bread and butter, were wrecked systematically. Many inhabitants were sent to Germany, where they are still kept as prisoners. The majority of the others are scattered all over Belgium. Those who stayed in the towns were starved.

"The committee has a list of the victims. It contains 700 names, and is not complete. Among those killed are seventy-three women and thirty-nine children between six months and fifteen years old.

"Dinant had 7,600 inhabitants, of whom ten per cent were put to death; not a family exists which has not to mourn the death of some victims; many families have been exterminated completely."

When we entered the town in our motor-car, those of the unfortunate population who had escaped from the murderous massacre had already left the town. Between the ruins and the deserted French Red Cross cars we drove to the pontoon bridge which the Germans had flung across the river by the side of the Meuse bridge, which had been blown up. Here we were stopped by German soldiers who guarded the pontoon bridge. In a café we came across a few of the citizens who had remained. These unfortunate people had no home, no money, and no food, lacked the wherewithal to go farther away, and now depended on the charity of the murderers of their relatives. Twice a day they were allowed to call at one of the German stores for a piece of bread, in exchange for a ticket which they might get at the commander's office. The Germans, upholders of morality and "Kultur," saw to it that their victims did not overeat themselves.

Our passport had to be stamped by this same commander, and my colleague had to ask him for a permit to take photographs. The commander would not hear of this, but finally agreed, after my colleague had snapshotted him and his staff in front of the office. Our passport was marked: "1. Landsturm Infantry Battalion, Dresden."

Dinant offered a terrible sight; it no longer existed. On foot, of course, we walked along the place where a large shop once stood, but one could not even distinguish where the road

had been. Not one street was left, and the few houses that were saved are not in the centre of the town. On a slope on the left bank of the Meuse there had been two large monasteries, which had been turned into hospitals. They had been wrecked completely by gun-fire, and as if in bitter mockery at the cruel fate, the Red Cross flags flew there still undamaged.

In the centre of the town everything, including the large buildings, had been leveled with the ground. This was the case with the principal church " de Notre Dame," the college of the same name, the " Belle Vue," the monasteries, etc., of the " Frères et Sœurs de Notre Dame," the " Saint Nicolas " and " Saint Pierre " churches and three large factories, " Oudin," " Le Mérinos," and " La Dinant," the " Banque Centrale de la Meuse," the town-hall, the ancient " Palace of the Prince-Bishops," and all its archives, the magnificent post-and-telegraph office, and the large hotels " de la Tête d'Or," " des Postes," " des Ardennes," " Moderne," " Terminus," the hotels " de la Citadelle," " la Paix," " la Gare," etc., etc., the " Institut Hydro-thérapique," all houses of the " Bon Secours " Congregation, etc.

Now the bridge is blown up, the greater part of the church destroyed by the Germans, and, had nature not been more powerful than their brutal, clumsy violence, they would have pulled down that rock, too. But it is still there, the solitary remnant of the famous beauty of Dinant.

My companion wanted to take a snapshot of this point, but in order to enliven the scene somewhat, he requested a few soldiers to stand in the square in front of the church. Each had a couple of champagne bottles hanging on his stomach, and refused absolutely to accede to my colleague's request to remove them. They insisted upon being snapshotted with those bottles hanging on their bodies! So my companion took this snapshot of " Kultur " in that condition, houses burned down, a church destroyed, and in front of these the grinning and coarse villains, puffing out their bodies, proud of their empty bottles. . . .

THE STRONG WOMAN OF EUROPE

SIGMUND HENSCHEN

HOLLAND'S Queen Wilhelmina is between the millstones. From behind undergrowths of barb-wire, the Teutons glower across the frontier. Along the Dutch coast steam the slate-colored cruisers of England, shadowy and inquisitive. The Zeppelins of Germany and the sea-planes of Britain have flown above Holland—of course, "not knowing" they were over Dutch territory, but observing, reporting on troop movements. The capital city of Queen Wilhelmina's land reeks with spies. Her oversea trade is throttled. The staggering burden of maintaining an army mobilized for war bears down upon her people. First the diplomats of the Allies, then of the Teutons, threaten Holland if she does not throw her lot with them. But there is peace in Holland. For Queen Wilhelmina, the only woman at the head of a government in Europe, has with amazing tact and strength guided her little country through more than two years of neutrality that the belligerents are ever setting traps for her to break.

No figurehead, is this Queen. No dazzling creature of operetta who marries the tenor, is this Queen. Rather, Wilhelmina is very much business. Picture an ordinary little woman (she is anything but stately), a woman who by no stretch of the imagination could be called beautiful, just a plain capable-looking Holland bourgeoise, double-chin type, plainly dressed, wearing extremely virtuous-looking shoes, a prim suit that has "made in Holland" written all over it—and you have Her Majesty, the Queen.

One moment, please! Should you get close enough—and it is quite easy, for she goes about with no ceremony, frequently escorted only by her little daughter, Princess Juliana—should you get close enough to study her face, it is at once evident that she is an extremely capable woman. Thoughtful, almost sad eyes, quite wide apart; a forehead that indi-

cates brain power, ears a bit sentimental yet secretive, an extremely determined chin—in such ways does Queen Wilhelmina impress one.

She has that look which one always associates with intense religion; and she is almost bigoted. Like the German Emperor, she loves to hold religious services herself. Her hobby is to pray before the Royal Household. Strength of character, she has. Devoted to Holland, she is. Strong-minded to a degree, she is, too. She has stated: "I intend to carry always in my heart the words of my beloved father who said that the House of Orange can never, no never, do enough for the Netherlands." Alone, save for the clever cabinet ministers whom she herself selected, she has had to guide her country through the stress and upheavals of the war.

In this she has not been helped by her husband; rather, the Royal Consort has been on more than one occasion a decided source of embarrassment to the Queen. Her husband is a German Prince of Mecklinburg-Schwerin. He has violated Holland neutrality. He got to be such a source of trouble that he at one time was under virtual arrest. He was not allowed to enter certain sections of his wife's kingdom. Yes, Wilhelmina has a determined chin. Her first duty is to Holland.

The Royal Consort is a rollicking sort of a man, not overburdened with brains. Shortly after the outbreak of war he discovered that some old cronies were among the German officers interned in Holland. Big idea! He would help them escape to Germany. No thought of the trouble this would bring Holland; no thought of the embarrassment it would cause the Queen. Not sinister, just short-sighted. So the Royal Consort motored out in one of the royal automobiles, picked up the German officers, and started for the frontier. The Dutch army guards the whole frontier. When the royal motor swept down the road leading to Germany, a Holland officer saw that the Prince's companions were Germans. He ordered "Halt!" The car pulled up. The officer did his duty and forbid the Queen's husband to take the German

officers across the frontier. The Prince did the Don't-you-know-who-I-am act, disobeyed the officer, and rushed into Germany with his old cronies. Then he came back—alone.

Of course the British, the French, the Russian ministers at the Hague protested to the Dutch government. The officer at the frontier filed a report on the incident to his superiors. It was passed up to the commanding general. The general went to the Queen. The diplomatic protest from the Allies had greatly disturbed her. Now her husband was added to those who were violating Holland's neutrality. The General made the situation worse by declaring: "Madam, you will please see that your husband is kept away from the zone where my troops are mobilized. If he is allowed to go there again, I shall have to tender my resignation. Such incidents as the last will ruin the discipline of the Holland Army."

The German Prince was her husband, but the Queen realized her duty. For several months thereafter the Royal Consort was kept more or less under surveillance and was not allowed to enter the zone behind the frontier. Where Holland is concerned the Queen is all business.

Twice her country had been on the verge of war. Once Germany threatened her; once the Allies threatened her. Strategically it would be of immense value to the Allies were they able to attack Germany through Holland. Strategically, it would be of immense value to the Germans were they able to establish naval bases on the Dutch coast for operations against England. Queen Wilhelmina realizes this. England's diplomacy tries to drive her into war against Germany, and German diplomacy tries to set her at England.

One of the most important plays in the game against her is this: if German spies can catch any violation of Holland neutrality by England, it gives German diplomats a ground for demanding reciprocal concessions. If English spies can catch a German violation of Dutch neutrality, it puts power into the hands of the British diplomats. At the outbreak of war such violations were frequent. First England and then Germany were at the Queen's throat, asking concessions that imperilled Holland's neutrality.

With her characteristic firm will, she took things in her own hands. She personally drew up the regulations for the Holland frontiers. She personally caused Dutch secret service men to be put on the trail of German and English spies alike. One violation of Holland neutrality by a foreign spy—and into a Holland jail he was thrown. England's cause for grievance was that Holland was sending contraband of war to Germany. The Queen ordered a thorough search of every train, motor, wagon, and person leaving Holland for Germany. She imposed heavy fines for smuggling out contraband. By that act she greatly cut down the number of English grievances.

Another English grievance was that German spies were getting into England on Dutch passports, that Germans were going to the United States on business of the war, traveling on Dutch steamers, under false passports. The Queen checked this up. She caused Holland detectives to make a rigid examination of the passport of every passenger before boarding a steamer in a Holland port. (None of the Scandanavian countries do this.) She investigated the charge of German spies entering England on Holland passports—and vice versa. A number of Hollanders, who had obtained passports, and then sold them to Germans or Englishmen, were sent to prison by order of the Queen. She watches every move made by every belligerent against her country.

Wilhelmina is quite different from the kind of person who by reason of birth comes to the highest position in a country, receives a good yearly sum of money, a little carefully guarded authority, and does the bidding of cabinet ministers. Wilhelmina of Holland is no figurehead. She has a desire to know everything that is going on in Holland. Her inquiries are almost persistent, almost nagging. Of her the philosopher Leibnitz could have said: "She wishes to know the wherefore of the why." She cares more, far more, for the affairs of state than she does for social functions. Indeed, the life of the Holland court is quite stupid. This and her Puritanical character has caused the night life of Holland's Capital to be deadly dull.

So determined is she that no belligerent shall infringe upon Holland's neutral position, that she personally supervises the force of a half million men that she has under arms She is to be seen riding with the officers of her suite, inspecting the different positions. She is honorary commander-in-chief of the Dutch Army, but she takes more than a passing interest in it. She is to be seen in the saddle for hours at a stretch. She wears an officer's uniform and rides astride. It is often quite difficult to pick her out as she goes clattering along surrounded by the officers of the staff. Her hand is in everything.

One day she stopped at a farm-house where new recruits were quartered. She insisted upon seeing their sleeping accommodations. Her officers demurred. She found the sleeping accommodations were in a hay-loft. Despite the protest of her adjutant, she insisted upon climbing the ladder up to the loft. She found that one corner of the roof leaked. She would not leave till tar-paper had been nailed over as a temporary relief. She then examined the beds. Under her persistent questioning a soldier admitted that they were not as warm as they might be. She at once ordered extra covers for the entire company. And woe betide the commanding officer if she visited the farm again and found that the covers were not there!

The Dutch people call her "The Mother of Their Land." Her "Christmas Greeting to My People" is full of religious fervor and gratitude to God that the nation has been spared, as yet, the scourge of war. But Wilhelmina knows that Holland is by no means out of the woods. She created consternation last summer by calling into service the reserves up to forty years of age. That gave her an army of three quarters of a million men in the field. She is afraid for the future of the Dutch East Indies. She casts anxious glances across the ocean toward the islands of Sumatra and Java—the basis for the wealth of Holland. She has studied well the situation in the Far East. She knows that Japan is casting fond glances at the Dutch East Indies. It is common gossip in The Hague that a new Alliance may come after the war, that

Japan may leave England and go with Russia and Germany. In that case the Queen knows that her eastern islands would be in jeopardy. What the future holds for Holland no one can tell. But her deeply religious Queen prays every day.

Personal discomfort and overwork are nothing to her. She will brave any hardship so that she can assure herself that all is going well on the frontiers of Holland. Her energy, common-sense, lack of feminine trifles, appeal soundly to the somewhat cold Holland people.

In June the court moves to Amsterdam. A big public reception is held there for the Queen. Every year in the grand salon of the Palace du Dam she shakes hands with anyone who wishes. For hours the lines of people pass her. Exhausted? Yes. Yet, she keeps it up. She has a motive for this. She believes that it brings her in touch with every type of person in Holland and during that brief meeting she sometimes sizes up remarkably cleverly, the feeling among the different peoples of her kingdom. She considers it good policy to reach out the royal hand and clasp the hand of her people. She believes in keeping as close to her people as possible. In that she is not merely shrewd, for her heart is filled really, with love for Holland and the people whose destiny fate has put in her hands.

Queen Wilhelmina is not beautiful. She is no Cleopatra or a Maria Theresa or a Louise of Prussia. Nor is she a Catherine of Russia or an Elizabeth of England. Nor are the immorality and ruthlessness of those Queens are not in Wilhelmina's make up. Had she not been born to the purple, it would be inevitable that at her age she would be the woman in charge of some big business in America—possibly like the woman who runs a factory in Connecticut. For she is all efficiency, strictly business, exceedingly able, with an intricate mind and a far deeper love for work than for pleasure. With every belligerent trying to drag Holland into the war, keeping the little land out is a job for a strong man. It is being done by a strong woman.

WHILE THE CRESCENT WANES

FULLERTON L. WALDO, F.R.G.S.

AS I was putting on my sandals in the corridor to shuffle into the spacious, dim and cool interior of St. Sophia at Constantinople, a priest dawdled in at the portal, threw his cigarette in a shadowed niche, and spat upon it. Almost over his head there were sculptured crosses, and the faint fringes of what were once the brilliant medallions of Theodore and Justinian. The incongruity between the white turban of the priest and his carelessness of the venerable sanctities was my first impression; and the next feeling was that not many flourishes of the chisel and the paint-brush stood between the Ottoman Mosque and the reversion to its former state as a Christian temple.

It was August 12, 1915—the first of the three days of the festival of Bairam. A few hours before, at midnight, the season of Ramazan with its fasting by day and its feasting by night was ushered out with suffocating ceremony, while the minarets of every mosque in the city blazed with tiaras of oil-lamps or modern incandescence. For seventy-two hours, one hundred thousand Armenians went hot and cold by turns with rumors and denials of sealed orders waiting at every police-station in the city to be opened in the final hours of this Bairam festival. It was therefore a matter of interest to note whether in the very citadel of the Turkish faith the Giaour would be received with overt manifestations of displeasure, or allowed to go and come at will.

I had with me a Turkish lad as interpreter, lest there might be some invisible dead-line drawn under the far-flung dome where the pigeons flapped and alighted unrebuked. During the droning intonation of the prayers, I was told I must not go beyond a dais on either side of the central portal. I sat on the edge outside the rail of the dais at the right of the entrance, waiting for the priest to take his seat before the low table at the pulpit's foot and gather the faithful intimately around him for the sermon.

Over against me, within the rail of the other dais, sat

an old priest,—a hadji—(imam or hodja) who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca and wore in token thereof a turban of green. His face in its placid benignity of contemplation caught no far reflection, and his ear no distant echo of the shrieking fusillade at the Dardanelles; he stroked his white beard slowly and reflectively, as though he enjoyed the strident cadences that floated to him through the low-hung chandeliers. Round the base of a green mottled pillar, two ragged urchins played hide and seek with shouts and laughter while their mother painstakingly bestowed on the cold stone a scrubbing of which there seemed to be a greater need in her own family circle. Of the hundreds clustered before the pulpit their bare feet toward me as they abased themselves, none heeded the pigeons, or the gleeful little lads, or the man from the other side of the sea. Late-comers came at no deliberate pace, but running full tilt across the matting, shoes in hand, as though the welfare of the soul depended on catching the next syllable; and in all the arduous genuflection that makes Turkish prayer a painful calisthenic exercise, from brandished palms to foreheads on the floor, there was an intense sincerity that none could call in question—the sincerity of passionate devotion to a form, a symbol, an archaic ritual, spelling in however benighted and perverted and forlorn a fashion the hope of Paradise.

To fan this ceremonial ardor to a glowing flame was the object and the first inspiration of the preacher's discourse. I was allowed to come forward as he began it and to mingle with those who squatted after the accustomed fashion of the Turk, or sat on the steps round his cushion and bare table. He descanted with a deal of energy and brandishing eloquence upon the most trivial details of the way to pray—saying little of the soul's share in the transaction, but dwelling upon the value of the gymnastic part of it. There was nothing about one's duty to one's neighbor, there was nothing said of loving-kindness to Armenians; there was no rebuke of a proud heart or a stiff-necked generation, or a lustful cruelty, or a low aim, or a spiritual squalor. But he talked, instead, of the epicurean satisfaction of living within four

walls and having nothing to do with the world and the life of the world. He showed just where and how to raise the hands toward the incurious pigeons or toward the filigreed coign of vantage where the Sultan sometimes comes; he told when to grovel and when to put off the worm; and then he naïvely and somewhat irrelevantly added—"I never go in the Bazaar myself. The Bazaar holds nothing that I want. It suits me perfectly to stay here in the peace and security of the abiding-place of Allah. I do not care to go out." He unctuously quoted fragments of the Koran, and there was always a prompt, fervent antiphony from the ring of hearers, which served a useful purpose if any drowsed.

By the vicissitudes of travel, it chanced that the last previous services I attended were in Westminster Abbey and in Canterbury Cathedral. Not all the ignominious by-products of that service in St. Sophia, or the priest's inane and trivial argument, can rob me of the sense that God was there, or erase the sublimity of the great church itself when all was still; and the feeling was akin to that which thrilled me as I stood with eighty Canadian officers and men at the tomb of the Black Prince in the glorious fane of Canterbury, or heard from the Poets' Corner the ringing imperial appeal of a great preacher as the London sunlight fell, where in the dust of kings and heroes "heart with crumbled heart" forever lies.

The life-insurance of the Turkish holy places against the profanation of an alien race, an antithetical religion, lies in that strange power of hallowed and memorial architecture, in forms of indomitable beauty, to bring to bear on even the calloused sensibilities of one kind of soldiers, and much more upon what is left of a civilized conscience in the western world, the sense of awe that places consecrated by centuries of such association must inspire.

When the Bulgars and Serbs swarmed down on Adrianople, antiquarians trembled for the beautiful mosque with its four minarets that is the first thing the traveler by rail sees of the city, dominating the city beheld afar like the cathedrals, let us say, of Lincoln or Ely. If we note what happened to

that mosque when it was at the mercy of men to whom it means little to spill blood or to smash house-roofs and furniture, we may obtain an accurate conception of what is likely to be the lot of other mosques in Macedonia and Thrace under similar conditions. Pierre Loti has written a deal of nonsense as to what occurred at Adrianople, and his name as a mendacious Turkophile is a byword and a hissing among the Bulgars. My evidence against his dithyrambic prevarication comes at first hand from an American of the highest standing, who was in the mosque the day after the city fell. The invaders had been gazing upon the mosque from afar for seven months, and could have reduced it to a dusty ruin any time they liked. But they chose to spare it. They entered the hallowed edifice without shout or song, when at last it was in their hands. Pierre Loti says the carpets were stolen. They were not. They were rolled up and piled in the shadows at one side. On the first day the sole disorder occurred. There were but three of the minarets open, and a Bulgarian soldier who was drunk tried to chop away the door of the fourth in a fury of resentment when he was denied admission. He was placed under restraint. On the second day a Bulgarian guard was stationed to prevent petty larceny. The testimony given me by this unbiased eye-witness of the soldiers' behavior is to the effect that they kept perfect order as they strolled about the building examining and admiring, reverential as the Canadian "Tommies" I saw before the effigy in Canterbury Cathedral. When the Turks came back into Adrianople, the chief imam (priest) went before them and said: "Do not harm the Bulgarians, for they treated us and our mosques with all consideration when they came into the city."

My informant and another American had charge of a soup-kitchen on an island in the Maritza River where, Pierre Loti says, the Bulgars deliberately starved and wantonly maltreated the Turks, who in their desperation chewed the bark from the trees like ravening animals. It is true that for three days neither Turk nor Bulgar had sufficient food, for the Turkish defenders had blown up the bridge and

burned the food supply. The Bulgars, under the circumstances, are excusable if they fed their own men first. The Turkish soldiers were so emaciated by the siege that when the Bulgars entered they found thousands on the acute edge of starvation; and of these thousands there were hundreds who died in the three days after the raising of the siege; but this man who told me the story, who visited the prison-camps and saw the dying occupants, insists that the Bulgars were not to blame. The Turkish officers, he says, were brought to Sofia, installed in hotels, and in accordance with Article 17 of the Hague stipulations, were paid salaries with nothing to do. Still in his ears there rings the cry "Doctor Effendi, Doctor Effendi!" of the men who agonized for water, and when he brought it to them, drank and died. But the Bulgar apparently stands clear of the onus of Pierre Loti's indictment in this case at least.

At another service in St. Sophia, I heard a blind Arab preaching. Before it came time for him to receive the customary offering, many of his Turkish auditors had proved that Arabs have no monopoly of the gentle art of silently stealing away. The advantage of attending church in your stocking feet or your bare feet is that you can gather up your shoes and "make your get-away" very quietly, even when the heavy carpet for coolness' sake has given place to the thin matting of the summer season. A priest sat next me, and at a peculiarly eloquent period of the discourse the light of a sudden exaltation shone in his face, as he leaned over and translated the words into Turkish for my interpreter.

"The preacher is saying," my faithful Man Friday in his turn told me, "that though he is blind he can see that all the nations of the earth are destined one day to be brought together under the crescent of Islam." Then the priest, with a doubtful scrutiny, asked if I was a German, and scarcely reassured by the answer he presently joined the silent processional of the departing. The sermon ended, I went up to the blind preacher sitting at his table waiting for his money, and put a five-piastre piece in his hand. He thanked me

fervently, in Turkish, and began to grope in the direction of his feet. Supposing he wanted his sandals, which he had kicked aside in the ardor of his oratory, I gave them to him. He shook his head and mumbled. "He wants to know," Man Friday translated, "whether any of his money can have fallen to the floor." It was pathetic to see his gnarled old hands fumbling along the edge of the step where he was seated, and in the folds of his robe, as well as over the polished blankness of the table before him. I was glad when the remaining few of the faithful brought their small offerings, and some talked kindly with him, and one man—the oldest—gave him an arm of guidance to the portal.

In a mosque near at hand (the great Valide mosque by the Galata bridge), a little Turkish lad with priestward inclinations was reading the Koran, as a Chinese schoolboy learns his lessons, with all his audible might. As far as I could tell, the words meant little but the nasal sing-song to him. His eyes moved incessantly from his book along the trail of the Giaour from pillar to pillar, past the two tall, ponderous candles that are lighted only half an hour in all the year, past the chandeliers, each with its circle of oil lamps like insulators of telegraph-wires inverted, and swung almost low enough to strike one's head. In a corner, at a window opening to the east, were two men who knelt and read in silence from large illuminated copies of the sacred book, blind and deaf to all intrusion; behind them in the shadow of a pillar, two other lolled at their ease and conversed in a low tone. Like that familiar phenomenon to librarians at home, the derelict from the streets who drifts into the warmth and the light, not to read but to sleep behind a newspaper, there were some here who had frankly come not to pray but to slumber or to eat a lump of coarse yellow-brown bread while others were engaged in prayer and contemplation.

At St. Sophia I made overtures to buy the sandals I wore, but the respectful answer came that the price of leather had gone up (even as bread and coal and oil in the beleaguered city were daily becoming more expensive) and if they sold these sandals they were not sure they could buy more.

In company with the learned Professor Vrahamis, a Greek who for twenty-one years taught in the Zographion at Constantinople, till the war drove him out, I visited the famous old church of St. Demetrius at Salonica. This affords in certain phases of its history a parallel to St. Sophia, inasmuch as it started its career as a Christian church, became a mosque under the Turkish rule, and in 1912, when the Crown Prince entered Salonica, was reconverted to its former estate as a Christian sanctuary. It was erected in the year 441 A. D., with material brought from Ephesus. For more than 1,000 years it flourished as a Christian church. From 1482 till 1912, it was a mosque under the Turks. Part of the structure is a prison built in about the year 200 A. D. The tomb of the saint, now a goal of pilgrimage and particular veneration, was placed in a shrine by the side of the prison when the church was built more than two centuries later.

Professor Vrahamis, a devout communicant of the Orthodox Greek Church, was especially well qualified not merely to talk with the priests, but to induct me into their mental attitude. They, one and all, declared it to be part of their purpose to conserve this church as a venerable historical monument; and to that end the minaret erected by the Turks will not be disturbed. Sultan Murat brought 2,000 plaques from Adrianople to repair the pavement and the walls; and pieces of marble with the cross sculptured thereon were put in the floor, that the feet of the Turks might trample upon the Christian emblem. Even these have not been displaced, though when funds are forthcoming, the pavement will be reconstructed. At the time of my visit there was premature rejoicing over an announced benefaction of 50,000 drachmas from a rich man which turned out to be a false alarm. Thus far the changes introduced by the Greeks have been comparatively few and simple. The throne occupied by King Constantine at the rededication is at the right as one enters, near the chancel, and his draped portrait stands upon it. There are Greek eikons and candles innumerable, of course. New marble steps have been put

in leading to the gallery for women. There is a new and severely plain wooden staircase to the second gallery. The nave is adorned with standards of yellow silk, embossed with crowned black double eagles and white crosses on a blue ground, emblematic of the Byzantine inheritance and of Greek sovereignty.

At the time of Professor Vrahamis' last visit to the church, a decade before, while it was still a mosque, none but a Moslem was allowed to go beyond the entrance. At present, whosoever will is free to enter and explore.

Following the lead of my erudite conductor among the lighted candles and the eikons, I found in the shrine that holds the tomb of the saint, an intelligent enthusiast in the person of the priest, who talked freely to Doctor Vrahamis, and the latter translated him to me. In one corner of the great building a baptism was in progress, and several priests and a large conclave of relatives were concerned in the rite. The baby misbehaved as most babies do under these conditions, and its cries took no account of the centuries of history, while the women between two pillars laid out an array of purple and fine linen sufficient, the layman would suppose, to clothe a whole day nursery.

Another converted mosque in Salonica is that of St. Sophia, much smaller than its celebrated namesake beside the Golden Horn, but in the architecture closely similar. Here too, is a minaret reared by the Turks, who though they decorated the edifice elaborately, left the dome and chancel untouched, and did not erase the conspicuous figures of the Virgin and Child that look down upon the chancel. This is the church that Bulgar soldiers used as their quarters, without harm to it, while they remained in Salonica.

At the very heart of Sofia, Bulgaria's capital, near the great municipal baths, the ancient historical museum and the indoor market, is a mosque that has never been anything but a mosque. The interior of the building wears every sign of the poverty of the congregation. There are a few rugs, not of good quality, an old straw matting, a modern noisy wall-clock of anonymous manufacture, hanging tin lamps and

the usual array of dirty glass receptacles containing oil encircling them in the guise of chandeliers. The custodian let me enter his own little room at the base of the minaret. It held a pallet with its head pointing eastward at a tiny loöp-hole, a soiled and comfortless divan in a dark corner, and on the sill of the only window opening to fresh air lay a copy of the Koran, and before it a brass pen and ink holder of Turkish design, with a pair of iron-bound spectacles. The old man picked up the book to show me that like all authorized copies of the sacred volume it was hand-written; and he fingered it as Izaak Walton said the fisherman must handle a frog for bait—"as though he loved it." The only other furniture of the room was a red earthenware basin and two double-handed water jars of the same material. The dirt and the paucity of these belongings did not seem to affect the serene equipoise of the owner as he stood white-turbaned in the doorway opening out upon the street, after bidding me a dignified farewell, and the world of prosperous Bulgar trade rushed past him at a pace he did not care to follow.

At Nish, the provisional capital of Serbia, across the cobbled roadway from the American consulate, is a tiny mosque, the spire of whose minaret appears to be surfaced with Standard Oil tins—that universal convenient roofing material of which ecclesiastical as well as secular poverty stands ready to avail itself in the East. Twice a day the imam comes out upon the balcony with his long-drawn quavering muezzin like a lonely oboe, and the few remaining of the faithful come together for their services even as though they dwelt amid the crooked byways and ancient, hereditary stenches of Stamboul. Bulgars at Sofia and Serbs at Nish in high official place insisted to me, as did the Greeks, that they mean to concede at all times and in all places to the Turks the unresisted liberty to worship after their own fashion. They all have told me that the churches that once were Christian will be reclaimed, but they assure me very solemnly that a mosque once is a mosque always, as long as there are Mahometans remaining in the vicinage to keep alive the ritual.

WHAT IS A POEM?

THEODORE GATES

WHAT is a poem?
Methinks it is not words,
Not rhymes, not even thoughts,
Sublime thoughts.
It is rather the music
Of sweetly balanced lives,
The guiding purposes of men,
The controlling impulses of women.
Again I ask, *What is a poem?*
I cannot answer myself.
It may be a record of a life—
It may as well be of a death—
Never discordant, never unseemly,
Never unclean, never uncouth.
I think it is the very soul of humanity
Grasping at truth and love;
It is the soul of man
Seeking the soul of woman;
It is the soul of humanity
Seeking the soul of God,
None can commune
With God for you;
None but you can know
The meaning of a poem.

NEAR THE TURN OF THE ROAD

KATE SMITH

VERDUGO ROAD winds among the Seven Hills that lie in ample folds of brown. Like velvet they look, velvet that has been made to fall so as to catch all the lights and shadows. Where the dried grasses are short, the smooth shoulders of the hills have the soft neutral shade of a fawn's coat. Farther down a motley growth of sturdier plants blends gray, mauve, earth color, yellow, into a mixed pleasant brown, the every-day dress of the fall. Here and there dried stalks of wild mustard stand in clumps, the blue-gray of steel. An occasional live-oak clings darkly against a slope, flinging wide its black shadow.

Past the Seven Hills the road ribbons along beside a row of tall eucalyptus trees that stand sentry-like to guard an orange grove from whose depths gleam treasures of pure gold. Then a tiny stream comes to meet it, singing, whispering. Willow-lined, willow-hidden is the stream except for a glint here, a gleam there, willows vivid with September yellow. Tangles of wild grape, beds of bracken, have chosen the damp earth in the bed of the stream. Feathery tufts mark where the wild clematis has wound its way in and out. Oaks still green and untouched by the fall, that has made the silver-barked sycamores put on russet leaves, stand back from the willows.

After meandering for a time with the stream, the road rises above it and begins to climb through Verdugo Canon and on toward the mountains. Buff-colored mimulus bend down from the slope and nod and nod to those following the lure of the road. Then the canon widens to receive a vineyard that comes pouring out from between the hills like a river of rose gold, which spreads and floods an open stretch with its brilliance. The road that has curved with the canon, and nestled against the flowered slope of the hills where the way was cool, green, and water-sung, turns from the hillside to meet the yellowing vines and follow beside them. But

presently when the upward flow of the vineyard is turned back by a sandy valley filled with the gray of sage-brush and a heavy dark greasewood, the fickle road leaves the vines and becomes uncertain of its way. It hesitates whether to climb on to the mountains with their deeps of blue, to turn to the right and wind like a ribbon once more through a narrow opening between the hills, or by keeping the lower edge of the valley to find again the tiny stream, no longer willow-hidden but spread thin under bent gray sycamores that hold a golden and russet screen above it.

Ten o'clock under the September sky—a sky intensely blue, the sunlight intensely yellow, sunlight that seems to fall through the air in glittering, quite tangible splotches. The air is gentle, caressing. It catches the sunlight in soft, unseen fingers and presses it warmly into the leaves, turns them, and ever so tenderly drops them again. How this vagrant lover, the wind, revels in the beauties of the golds and browns!

Just within the narrow valley, where the road was hesitant, John Hampton put up his easel and set himself to paint the glories of the day. How could he catch and hold its blazing wonder? His palette was full of dabs of paint; blues, yellows, reds, black, white, in bright spots and smears, where with skill he had compounded atmospheres and shadowings. Nearby his canvas looked like an enlarged palette with a still greater lot of patches of color laid thickly on a dim outline. Get the sun-filled effect of the air he would! Into the blue of his sky he worked some green, then with haste and certainty he began to put in driving lines of yellow.

The curious wind, tired of toying with and coloring the complaisant leaves, crept near to see what he might be about. With the caressing trick practised upon the leaves, it lifted a long lock of his hair and then flung it suddenly into his eyes. Hampton was annoyed with the playfulness that stopped for a swift second his making of sunlit landscapes. He shook his head to clear his eyes again, and almost, I

think, there was a low damn. Perhaps it was only the chuckle of the wind. The wind is a mischief, as well as a lover. And so, in very deft fingers it lifted and bore off his cap just as he shook back the lock, and tossed it very softly indeed but very firmly against one of his hills. Down blurring it fell and made a wide swath quite through his valley. Then it landed among his box of brushes and tumbled two wet ones into the sand. From a maker of sunlit air and sky, Hampton turned to a harborer of thunderstorms. He rumbled and muttered as he made quick efforts to catch his wind-driven cap and save the work of his hands; his palette all but slipped from his left thumb, while a long brush or two put streaks of paint on his face.

Such a moment is inopportune for addressing a strange man. Yet there are women who never plan with a coquette's care their entrances and exits into the lives of others. They come just when they come and as they come. Sometimes afterward they ponder the strangeness or the brusqueness of their reception, sometimes they recognize their own inopportuneness, but more often these rare women think not of themselves at all.

In the midst of his confusions a voice behind Hampton said, "Too bad, oh, too bad," with a bit of emphasis upon the "too" and great sympathy upon the "bad." A beautiful voice it was, deep and full-throated.

But why should any one, a woman especially, angrily wondered Hampton, be here in his outdoors; and why, since here she was intruding, should she enter into his discomfitures? His mutterings ceased, but as was his way, he gave no other sign that he knew of her presence. He put his paint-daubed cap tightly upon his head and set to work to undo the mischief it had made with his hills and valley. A few minutes of skilful work and the voice was forgotten. His annoyance was lost in the task of renewal. After all it was a service the wind had done him, and not just an impish trick. He leaned back for a second's inspection. It was good, decidedly better, and again he splashed his many pigments into a confusion of color that none but a maker of

pictures could ever have guessed would produce a miniature outdoors.

"Beautiful," said the voice, again breaking in upon him.

The voice had spoken fairly over his shoulder. Its sound, so near, did the usual work of all commenting voices. It robbed Hampton's painting hand of its cunning. One despairing stroke of the brush and then he fell to mixing paints upon his palette, waiting with the rage that always took him in violent suddenness when voices pattered about the pictures he was making. And they were always doing it. He and his work were as impersonally open to comment as were the little horned toads that waddled through the sand away from ejaculating ones who poked and pursued them. They even pointed sticks and parasol tips at his canvasses in very much the way that they called attention to horned toads. One who set out painting the great wide world so frankly must be there to invite comment from casual ones who came upon him as he sat, or so at least they seemed to think; and they made their remarks, silly or otherwise, but always irritating.

John Hampton was a man shy as the wild creatures that fled to retreats when people came to the places that he and they frequented. He, too, felt the terror that sent his little mates to cover. In times long before this September day, a young fellow, sunny-hearted and sweet with the joy of outdoors, had followed the lure of the road away from the town. It was early spring, after a winter of unusually heavy rains, when the open places were a thick sweet tangle of nodding colors, the hills were deep in green, and all the trees were in newest dress to catch the fancy of the straying wind. Spring was in this young man's heart, not the burning kind that sends one, restless, longing, to make new friends, new ties, but the singing tingle in the veins that will not let be till the smell of the earth has filled the head. So with no purpose defined he was out of doors, thrilling with joy as he wound in and out among the hills. In a wide, open valley, where since a town has grown, pink owl clover swept in a deep flush far away toward the distant hills. Yellow tidy-tips swayed in

the little air that rippled the field of pink. Cream-cups and baby-blue-eyes crept close to the ground, hiding their daintiness from any but an eager lover. Here he threw himself prone and watched through half-shut eyes the gentle nodding of the flowered heads, steeped in delight by the beauty of it. The road that presently he followed was little more than a bridle path which the flowers constantly threatened to overrun and quite obliterate. On a bench of a hill stood a small house and a cluster of bee-hives. He turned in at the wagon-road and went up to the house. He was sure of a welcome. Not that he had been there before, but he had a smile that opened doors to him. He would work for his food and sleep rolled in his own blanket under the sky, a sky blue in its darkness, a sky that as he lay and searched its depths made stronger his distaste for the limitations and restraints of town life. A few days he lingered and then his wanderings led him past Verdugo Canon and into a valley that was a veritable scented bee garden, the valley where later John Hampton sat to paint. It was then almost unknown to men but greatly loved by the sun and the wind. Another keeper of bees had work in plenty for the wayfaring lad to do. On through the summer he lingered, each day one of new delight. The bee-keeper urged him to stay. Land in the valley was his for the homesteading. He chose a piece that began in the valley's gay heart, sloped down and across the rocky way of the stream and ended abruptly upon the first steep rise of the chapparal-covered hills. With his own hands he built a stone house that was one room with a peaked roof, deep set windows, and a wide fireplace. Bees and an orchard he added to his belongings. The outdoors had claimed him.

Then one day he was called back to the town to be given a crying bundle from which showed a pink puckered face. His only sister had exchanged her life for this and had left it to him. Back to the valley he carried the bundle. His big hands shock as he opened the wrappings before his fire and then turned the soft little thing about to get it into a comfortable position. Had it no bones at all? When warm milk turned its troubled look to one of sleepy content the wee

thing got a grip on his heart that never let go. His bachelorhood had been far from assured, but John Hampton's coming settled it. What if the child should be unloved, perhaps disliked? He would take no chances. So John grew, mothered, fathered, and companioned by his uncle in the little valley between the great hills and mountains.

The baby, John Hampton, rolled about on bright carpets of flowers, crowing his rapture in the lovely world to which he reached up tiny demanding hands. As he grew to a sturdy, quiet youngster, outdoor creatures became his playmates. Little blue-gray mountain quail with buff waistcoats and saucy topknots grew tame and pattered about him, greedy for the grain he poured out to them. "John *Hamp*-ton, John *Hamp*-ton," he was sure they called. Lying under a glossy oak-tree he learned to answer, "John *Hamp*-ton, John *Hamp*-ton," shrilling and accenting the second note. Jays with wings of the sky and soft gray breasts of the morning scolded him harshly but came to his call.

The boy, silent, eager, active, intent, was keyed in subtlest harmony to every outdoor mood. There were times when his pleasure was so entirely possessing that he seemed in a mysterious way to be the embodied spirit of the sound, color, motion, in which he revelled. The trill of a bush-tit, the swift slant of rain against the hills; sunset colors changing on the mountains, would turn him still as a statue, things in hand forgotten, while his gaze of fascinated wonder became a far-away look that seemed to see glowing beauties of the eternal. At times of such utter absorption the blood surged up through his throat to beat in his temples. His uncle understood this heightened color and the seeing, yet unseeing look. These same vibrations had played upon him always, and the boy was a far more sensitive instrument than he had ever been.

Alone they lived, but for this satisfying companionship of the outdoors, though once for a time their monopoly of their little world was seriously threatened. A wave of people ebbed into the valley and filled it with a human buzzing and an air of business that had made the boy think of their bees

in swarming time. How he had wished that they, too, would hurry out one day and disappear over the hills, anywhere, in a circling, traveling, dark cluster and settle in some distant place. He would never follow to house and bring them back. They went frightening through his outdoors, cutting down and uprooting, clearing away and destroying. Their rude occupation filled him with angry distress. After a period of nervous activity that scattered a few orchards and vineyards about, a season of uneasiness came, and then John had his wish. One after another they deserted, and gaily the wilderness began to close in and regain the loveliness they had filched from it. How the flowers drowned out the young vineyards in a sea of color, how the sage grew riotously above the little trees and lost them among its opalescent tints, how the greasewood once more rose high to deck itself in greenish white and hide the unwelcome peach trees that had for a time replaced it, how the stately Spanish dagger shook its white bells once more from tall masts in the tangled wilderness, only John, the valley's dearest lover, knew. He watched it fling its joyous banners out and his heart hummed in tune to the bees that once more gathered their treasure undisturbed. It did not occur to him that this was but a beauteous burial of another human hope and effort. His was the spirit of the wilderness and he felt only its hurts and its gladnesses.

Between John and his uncle there were few words. The silences in their perfect comradeship were ones of understanding. A look, a motion of the hand, and one knew the thought of the other that followed upon a sentient word. One summer night when both lay restless, the uncle said:

"John, you shall go to town for awhile."

"Yes," answered the boy.

That was all. John, no longer boy, nor yet quite man, marveled that his uncle should have formulated for him what as yet he hardly realized that he wished. Abrupt change, feeling of growth, chance of adventure, chance to try himself in new ways. It was the youth and vigor in him, urging, making its universal demand. It had set the uncle following

on through the opening hills; now it called this one along the beckoning way of Verdugo Road to the town.

He wore off the strangeness of the city; he made a few friends; he was at times foolishly shy, unwisely friendly. He fell under the spell of music. He learned to paint. Then he grew homesick for his valley and for the understanding man who had given it to him, and went home.

A day came when he was alone in the world. He fled from the solitude, went far away, visited many cities, worked hard at his painting in an effort to forget his grief, until again homesickness, heartsickness, drew him surely back to the stone house in the little valley, the mountains, the hills, and all their changing hues. With the settling back into the simple life of his boyhood, the old shyness, never quite lost, again laid its hold on him.

And so on this September day as he waited for the disturber of his peace to go, Hampton ground at his paints till the blade of his knife bent rebelliously. It had a touch of the new in it, however, this annoyance, for the anger that ran red in his temples was not chiefly towards the one who was the immediate cause of it, but rather toward himself.

"If I were not a fool," he was inwardly vehement, "If I were a man and not an utter idiot, no human being on earth could stop me like this, could paralyze me just when I'm getting the best sky I've ever had."

His thoughts jumbled over one another in the tumult of feelings that roused them, making a mixture of considerations about how he had got the prized effect, whether he could finish the little he wished yet to add to the picture now, why he should be disturbed anyhow, why, whether, why,—coming to a period at last as he mixed less vigorously, with the words almost spoken, "a woman, too."

Not contemptuous, no. But perplexity mixed with his extreme irritation. It was as though he had said, "And a meadow lark, too."

So far girls and women had not been much in his world. In cities he had looked at bright groups that had made him

think in their conventional sameness, of gay gardens that pleased but failed to attract him. Eyes had looked into his, sometimes straightly in an effort to fathom the mystery that lay baffingly there, sometime impudently with an invitation that he had not read nor desired nor accepted. Alike they had met a far-away serious response that fascinated but stopped them. Some day, he had vaguely felt. But for the present there were other things more urgent, more interesting, less puzzling.

He stopped mixing paints and reached for his brushes. Go on with his work he would. Why should he care that some one stood watching? Over a shoulder he took a quick look. Yes, there she still was, and at this slight sign that he recognized her existence she began again:

"How *do* you know you really portray this scene? How can you tell? Do you never move back a distance to see what you have done? Don't you *have* to, at times?"

So insistent the voice was in its interest that Hampton turned. He had suddenly resolved to break himself of his silly nonsense. He would face her, speak to her, then ignore her and paint once more. So he turned deliberately, answering as he did so, "Yes, at times."

He had meant to say something more, but his attention was caught by her entire harmony with the fall day in which she sat. Brown, her eyes, her sunburned skin, her dress. And her hair, sunlight, dancing, crinkling, over shades of brown. A flash of scarlet near her brown throat, and a great bunch of yellow and russet leaves in the hand that lay in her lap. What a picture she made. He forgot for the moment that it was she who had disconcerted him, as impersonally, like two children, they stared at each other, she waiting answers to her questions, he looking at her with very much the regard he was accustomed to turn upon bright-eyed birds whose colors attracted him.

"But do you always paint so much without going back to see what you have done?" she repeated.

"Yes," he answered unconsciously, still approving her as a part of the brilliant fall day rather than as a person

And then true to his resolve, he turned back to his canvas. But she laughed, such an amused rippling sound that it drew his interest once more.

"How funny you are!" Her eyes had twinkling lights in them. "You have most of a landscape on your face, where the wind painted you a while ago."

Hampton reddened, looked started, rubbed a hand against his cheek, and went nervously at his picture. She had ceased to be a part of the landscape and had again become a work-spoiler, a destroyer of peace.

"Oh," he heard, as he plastered at his picture. "I'm sorry. Please forgive me. I didn't mean anything."

Wrestling with the embarrassment her reference to himself had thrown him into, he once more forced himself to face about. She was putting on her hat.

"May I come again sometime and watch you?" She looked demure enough as she coaxed with her voice, her eyes on his picture the while; "if I promise not to talk all the time, and not to laugh at you again!" she added, a quirk coming to the corners of her mouth.

"Yes," was all he said, and that was more than he wished to say.

They looked at each other with direct, rather studying glances. Then she said good-by, he nodded with a lift of his paint-daubed cap, and she went away.

He turned slowly to his work again. He spent more time twisting his brush about on the palette than applying it to the canvas. But the mood to paint was gone, so he sprawled on the ground and watched from under his cap great white clouds, drifting, drifting, his thoughts no thoughts at all till he heard the tones of her voice in their midst.

There followed day after glowing day full of a warmth which seemed to come not so much from the sun as from the pulsing heart of the earth that waited in quivering suspense its time of fulfillment. And for a part of every day John Hampton sat before his easel near the turn in the road, but

upon these days he painted less steadily, stopped more often to look about him.

A week or so went by and Hampton had just about recovered his painting gait and his customary absorption—when a cheerful "Hello!" lost him both with disconcerting quickness. She was coming along the road with a step that soon brought her to him.

"How are you?" she asked, but seemingly without expecting an answer. Then she walked on past him to look at his picture, saying: "Any more unkindnesses from the wind?" And as if answering each of her questions with another: "Oh, the same picture. I thought it was finished the other day. How long does it take you to make one?"

She was frank and unaffected, like a boy in her air of comradeship and her entire lack of self-thought, so that Hampton answered her as he would have answered a boy, and went on with his work.

She stayed only a short time that day.

"I wish I could stay longer," she confessed as she turned to go. "But I can't this time."

She seemed to take her welcome for granted, and as she spoke her look met his with an open asking for friendly exchange. She turned to wave a good-by hand and so complete the sense of good-fellowship.

A few days later he saw her coming again, walking in and out among the sage-brush. She was swinging her hat in her hand; her sunny hair blew about her face in willful curls, and he could hear snatches of song.

"I thought I would find you," she interrupted her song to call. Then she stooped suddenly to examine something at her feet, and looked up with, "O, please come here."

A horned toad was spread flat in the warm sand whose colors it wore. Hampton went over and picked it up.

She caught in her breath with excited interest. "Is he really so harmless? Why is he armed with all those points if he doesn't intend to use them?"

Hampton smiled. "He has just one unpleasant trick,"

he said. "In times of great distress he shoots blood from his eyes."

"Put him down right away!" she commanded. "I want none of his blood shed on my account." She pushed at the little creature with her toe and laughed at his clumsy haste to cover.

"Have you begun a new picture?"

She skipped from one subject of interest to another like a child.

"Yes." And Hampton found himself responding to her interests with the indulgence granted of grown-ups to children. He picked up palette and brushes; she sat on the ground where she could watch and made comments on what he did and on the things about her.

Hampton worked almost as though he were alone, only he listened, not so much to what she was saying as to the tones of her voice. So many sounds it suggested. The glad call of the meadow-lark to the blue sky, the soft notes of the mocker singing under a white moon, the throaty murmur of doves, all these and none of them. When she was silent longer than usual he tried to conjure up some question to make her speak again, only he could think of nothing to ask, so he waited, listening for her to go on as all his life he had waited to hear again the songs of birds that pleased him.

"John Hampton!" The sudden and unexpected use of his name made him start and turn his head hastily. She was reading it from his paint box, and as if recollecting for the first time the use of names she added very simply: "I am Jean Barclay."

They smiled at each other to complete the introduction, and she went on: "How long have you lived here? Always?"

He nodded.

"Where?"

"In the little stone house near the bend of the stream."

"I know. The one among the bee-hives. I have passed it. May I come sometime and see how the bees keep house? I have never seen them at work. We shall be here all winter,

I think. That is, if Richard continues to improve. We are here for his health, you know, mother and he and I."

Her voice dropped low on the last part of the confidence which seemed made to herself, and immediately after she was saying good-by with an absorbed expression on her face and no sign even of seeing Hampton as she looked at him.

Another time she came so quietly up back of him that he did not know she was there until:

"Quick! *quick!*" he heard her say. "Come! This fellow's in trouble." A great blustering bumble-bee, caught by the milkweed he had robbed, which had seized him by a luckless leg, was making a lot of noise and she was trying fearfully to free him.

"I am so afraid I will dislocate a leg," she was looking her concern, "and I'm sure he means to eat me alive. How he does roar."

"Just a bluff," he told her as he disengaged the honey-thief and held him a moment for her to see. "Awfully mad because he was caught and hoping a row would get him out of his trouble."

"Like a good many people I know." She smiled at the comparison.

Another day he stopped painting to watch her uncovering a blue-tailed lizard. As fast as she turned the stone it flashed under and out of sight again.

"What is it, a streak of the sky, blue lightning, or a slim, swift snake?" she asked, looking up laughing from her labors.

"Not any of them," he told her. It was these simple things, the everyday life of his valley that this first friendship with a woman established itself in John Hampton's life.

The last warm day of the earth's period of waiting had come; a hush was in the air, while a misty veil of blue half hid the mountains and gave them a seeming of great remoteness. The sycamore leaves, russet now, no longer fluttered at the touch of the vagrant wind, but hung, wearied and without motion, or fell, dry and lifeless, into the bed of the

stream. The season of suspense was over, change was surely coming, and Jean was restless with the mood of the day. She had not sat even for a moment, but had walked back and forth, looking at everything, though with none of her usual interest nor eagerness. "You are not painting well," she said finally; "Would you mind? I should like to see the bees." She had a way of asking for what she wanted that seemed to take for granted her being given it. Hampton put up his paints and together they went down to his place.

The bees were not pleased with the intruders who opened their storehouse at a time when they felt the need of haste, of preparation, and they threatened noisily and had to be disciplined with puffs of smoke. Jean, again in effervescent spirits, pitied the poor old daddy bees who were not worth their honey when times grew hard, sympathized with the spinsters who were so angry because the work they had to get done for an ever-increasing family was interfered with, and had a child's delight in having them robbed for her benefit.

"But you must come home with me and take the honey to Richard yourself. I have told him so much about you and the wonder of your pictures that he is impatient to know you." Again there was the drop to sadness that had come that other day at mention of Richard, and again she seemed impatient to be on her way home. It made Hampton wonder who Richard was, and other vaguer things about her.

The Barclay cottage stood upon a low mesa at the base of the mountains and had a wide outlook over the valley. They had scarcely come up to it when Jean was giving an outdoor call and waving. Some one on the veranda waved in reply.

"That is Richard," she explained. "He lives outdoors, you know."

As they came to the cottage, she ran on ahead. "Dicksie boy, see what I've brought you this time," she called. "Honey, fresh from Hymettus, *and* Mr. Hampton, chief bee warden, and painter of all outdoors!"

A tall young man sat wrapped in shawls in an armchair. She stepped back of him to put both arms about his neck and bend over till her lips touched his forehead. He caught both her hands in one of his and held them for a second against his cheek. This all so quickly that it was over by the time Hampton had reached the veranda, and the man was holding out a hand, hardly waiting for her:

"Richard, this is Mr. Hampton, and Mr. Hampton, this is Richard."

So thin he was, his great hungering eyes seemed to grow larger and darker as he spoke his pleasure in Hampton's coming. Mrs. Barclay, the mother, sweet and gray-haired, joined them and listened with a gentle smile to Jean's detailed account of her walk and the robbery of the bees. Jean was very animated and Richard listened with interest as she talked.

"She has to do the hiking for both of us for a while yet," he said to Hampton, "but one of these days—" And he smiled hopefully.

Mr. Hampton was induced to stay for tea. Jean hurried about and soon the four sat down to a table set upon the veranda. When Hampton started for home a wee slip of a moon struggled to force her way through a wide, misty ring that encircled her. Hampton's feelings as he looked at the moon were misty too, for new emotions were blurring over all distinct realities, and he would not have seen the moon nor anything else but that Jean had quoted, "Last night the moon had a silver ring, to-night no moon I see," and so he looked toward it, but the soft iridescence veiled Jean's face and her voice came down to him from the circle of light.

The next day the hills and mountains were blotted out. The valley lay swirled about in veils of mist, waiting in tender expectant ecstasy the coming rain. At nightfall it came, gently at first, then driving, fulfilling, satisfying. On through the morning it fell, but toward evening the wind stole up through the valley and began in its persistent way breaking up the gray curtain that covered the earth, pushing back the guarding clouds. Long shafts of light darted

through the breaks and changed the grays to blues and white. Then the sun came forth to set in a glory of yellow and rose.

No one could have stayed indoors during the days that followed, days when the earth, conscious of the new life stirring within her, seemed to invite all creatures forth to share in the joys of her fullness. For a part of every day Jean was climbing the hills, exploring every path, discovering traces of forgotten plantings, battling gaily with the winds that came out from clefts in the mountains to lift clouds of dust and send them whirling and dancing before her down the road. Often she came past to call to Hampton, and he, waiting for nothing else but this call, would join her to race with the wind, or to go back home with her. A spirit of outdoors she seemed, and to Hampton she was becoming the soul of his valley. He began to wonder that before her coming he should have thought it complete, for now she was as necessary a part of it all as were the sunshine, the hills, the drifting clouds,—more necessary, in fact, for to think of her gone the rest became dull, no longer had meaning. A thousand things there were of keen new interest to her when green came creeping over the earth, answering the call of the rain, things that Hampton knew by heart, by habit, and by name, and so could answer the never-ending liveliness of her wish to know. And always back to Richard they carried the newest find, beginning with the fragile tiny gilias that opened their pink and lavender cups to the sun right after the last patter of the rain. Because Richard was impatient of his weakness and had a boy's sharp desire to be out in the open with them, they never staid long away, but hurried back, where Hampton was made to tell again about each wonder of his valley, and then they planned the many walks that were to be taken, the three of them together, as soon as Richard should grow stronger.

As the weeks went by, Hampton lost the sense of strangeness in the Barclay household. To this man whose life had been so solitary, who had never known a woman's ways about a home, the new relationship was a tremendous

experience. For Mrs. Barclay he felt as religious men do toward the saints. Often when she smiled he wished to go down on his knees before her; and once when she laid a gentle hand on his head and called him "my boy," tears came into his eyes and it was minutes before his throat would let him speak. And Jean had him in a confusion of feelings that even at thought of her left him with none of his ordinary senses to do their ordinary work, but all of them, and seemingly a thousand new ones besides, in a tumultuous, throbbing, puzzling, delightful state that mostly robbed him of even the little speech that was his.

One day when the rains came again, the four sat together upon the veranda watching the lines driven back and forth across the valley, and Jean fell to telling of her first meeting with John. Dick and Mrs. Barclay laughed as she poked her fun.

"Oh, such a state as you were in! You never can know how amusing you looked with a whole hillside painted none too neatly across your face. And so embarrassed. Was it because I heard you say damn? I did hear you, you know. Or did you know? Don't deny it, just to get into mother's good graces, for you did say it."

There was no denial on John's part. He was making no answer at all as he listened with a smile coming and going, and wondering whether that day meant to her even a small part of what it meant to him.

"And then you jammed your cap on so tightly, I was afraid you would have to use one of your palette knives to get it off again. It's hard to believe even yet that you really are a tame human being, you were so gruff and so rude. It must have been my gentle influence that made the picture better than at first, when you had it to do over again. It's wonderful, Dick," she turned suddenly to him, "you must see it. All the beauty and brilliance of September is on that piece of canvas."

The next day the picture was carried to Jean, but given to Dick, whose eyes were bright with pleasure in it. "Just to punish you, Miss Impertinence," Hampton had said when

he gave it to Dick. But Miss Impertinence only laughed as she slipped an arm about Dick's neck.

"What's Dick's is mine, eh, Dicksie boy? So it's mine after all."

John answered nothing, but he took Dick's outstretched hand in a hard grip, and his face quivered a smile toward Mrs. Barclay who was looking her fondness for him and her assent to what the others were saying. Then Jean busied herself about the house while John planned with Richard the things they meant to do as soon as Richard was strong enough.

On a late November morning the world was hidden in gray. The mountains were out of sight behind a dense wall of mist that swung curtain-like, concealing all but the sharp peaks that broke jagged through. Below them, in the valley, filmy clouds, softer and lighter than gauze, drifted in and out again at the urge of faint breezes. Hampton was bending over a box of his bees when scrambling sounds against the hillside made him look up. The low mists were caught and tangled in the chaparral that opened to give passage to Jean, who, in gray tramping clothes looked like a creature of the mist as she clambered down and came across the rocky stream, breathing quickly from exertion. She held a ragged bunch of holly in her hand.

"I've been on a scouting expedition." She waved it toward him. "But your greedy birds have been everywhere before me. See how they have spoiled it all. Shall we be able to find any for Thanksgiving, do you think?"

"Yes, I have reserved some for your especial use," he told her. "The birds have promised to leave it alone, provided we get it fairly soon." He went on with his work.

"It wasn't really the holly that brought me out to-day." she confided presently, "but the mist. Always upon days like this I just have to be out where I can feel it beat against my face. These gray curtains seem to shut out all the trouble there is in the world, to hold it back away from me and from all that I love. As they swing and sway I have a sense of being admitted into the future, of being in a world

of real dreams, where its touch promises happiness. Can you paint the mist?" She ended with the question.

"No. I have tried, but when it's here I'm under its spell. It's like trying to see what is too near to me, what is like a part of myself. When it is gone and I try to paint it from memory, it refuses to come quite as I have felt it. I have never been satisfied and am afraid it always will escape me. If I try again perhaps you can tell me what is wrong with what I do."

"Do you think I could help?" She put the question wistfully, adding: "I wish that I might do something for you, your friendship has meant so much to us." As always happened when the conversation grew personal, John could make no answer. Jean, however, was unobservant, following out her own thoughts.

Presently she suggested that they go at once for the holly, so John stopped work and they went far up on the hillside where in a shaded cleft they found a bush loaded with heavy clusters of the scarlet berries. John, to please her, and she to please mother and Dick, chopped it ruthlessly and started down bearing its beautiful branches over their shoulders. The way had been long, and the berries were heavy, so they walked slowly and without talking. They were nearly home when Jean broke the silence.

"So this is to be your first family Thanksgiving, John. How strange that must seem. Have you never wished for one? Did you never wish to be with other children, to be part of a family?"

"No, I don't remember ever thinking about it, ever wishing for things to be different. My uncle was a remarkable man, and I was very happy while he lived."

"But since?" Unconsciously her question had touched upon the one sadness of his life, yet the grief of which he never spoke was choked back now by a great hope that set him suddenly trembling, made him wonder. Could there be, possibly, meaning other than mere interest in her questions?

They had reached the house by this time and not understanding his silence she turned sorry eyes to him. "Forgive

my stupid talk," she said. "I must have been tired. We are all so glad you are to be with us this year."

He bent over to lay the holly on the ground, saying only: "I am glad too." Then Dick and Mrs. Barclay came out and they began to arrange the berries.

Thanksgiving Day was crisp with the feel of possible night frost in the air. After the midday dinner, they went for an excursion, Dick's first, in Hampton's spring wagon brought out for the occasion. It was not far, but it filled the day full with a pleasant excitement for them all. As is the way, they began to plan for other days and times. The next excursion should be to Hampton's house. For Christmas dinner, it was decided, by which time Dick declared he would walk to the feast.

And walk to it he did, slowly and with frequent stops, but apparently none the worse for the unusual exercise. Not even Jean had been inside John's house. They expected to find rather bare quarters, but his love of the artistic had found expression in many things, such as dark thick rugs, brasses that were filled with holly, mistletoe, sage, and well bound books. A fire voiced its welcome as it blazed up in rivalry with the sunshine that streamed in through open door and windows. A settle was drawn up before the fire and deep chairs invited. Into one of these Dick sank with a sigh of satisfaction.

"This is great, John. No wonder you would keep Christmas at home," he said.

"Home! *Home!*" Jean echoed the last word softly as she moved about to look at every angle. "Mother, Dicksie, isn't it just like coming home. It's easy to understand, John, why you love this place. It is beautiful."

The word home has every shade of meaning when spoken by one who loves it, and Jean's voice was full of a throbbing sound that spoke tenderness, security, happiness, rest—those qualities for which every human heart cries out. John's heart caught at those possibilities and told him to hope, to hold the hope she had roused by her questions at Thanksgiving time. So all through the day he heard the throbbing

sounds, heard again and again the words, Home, *Home*. While they ate out under a glossy oak, he heard the leaves whisper them; while they disturbed a bee-hive and stole honey he heard the bees hum them; the little stream, tumbling along its rocky bed, murmured them. So that he was even more silent than usual, for fear what possessed him would make itself said, and he felt that the time had not yet come for him to tell her. He must wait a little longer.

When Dick was tired, the spring wagon took them up to the cottage on the mesa, where after tea Dick dozed off while the other three, filled with content of the day, sat silent but for an occasional word, till the night sky glittered with stars and melancholy small owls called aloud to each other. Then John went back to his house. He walked about in the dim light touching the things Jean had touched, saying the words that she had said, softly, "Home, *Home!*"

Could they, would they, live without her? Dared he ask it?

Jealously, almost, he watched Richard gain in strength. He feared any sign of set back, for without fully realizing it, he had set Richard's return to strength as the limit of his waiting. On a warm afternoon some weeks later, the three walked out together. The earth was gay with the green of spring and joyous spring was in the heart of each. Richard's longing turned to the town. For the first time he felt himself strong enough to go back, and as they walked he began to talk eagerly of what was in his mind. Jean was silent, divided between her passion for outdoors, which just then seemed to her too lovely to be forsaken, and her wish to please him; but later when they sat at tea she and Mrs. Barclay yielded to his urging and agreed to go within a few days. John, though they tried to include him in their plans, begging him to go with them, felt left out and as though his world had suddenly somehow gone upside down. Then exultation seized him.

"Now, *now!*" his heart shouted to him. "Now, *now!*" the pulses in his throat beat in answer. He wondered they did not hear it, but went on with their own plans. As if in

accord with him, his valley began to take on a wonderful radiance. Up from the west where the sun was just gone came a flood of brilliant color that spread high overhead. Clouds that had been dull turned deep rose, orange, green and red, and were edged with flaming gold. Back of the mountains a turquoise sky changed and flushed deeply. And then the mountains caught the wondrous light and began to burn till they changed from gray rugged walls to glowing amethysts with cuts of deep blue. The hills below were darkly purple, but all else in the valley was bathed in glowing, living light.

Richard, tired from the walk, fell asleep in his chair and Mrs. Barclay was placing a shawl about him.

"Come," said Jean, in hushed excitement. "Come out where we can see it!"

"Just a moment, dear," said Mrs. Barclay.

"Now, *now!*" John's heart called yet more loudly. Was it possible Jean could not hear its tumult. He felt the color tingling, rushing through his veins; his face burned; as his valley glowed and flamed, so did he. Never again would there be so perfect, so vivid, so right a moment. The three walked out into the open and were caught in the glow. To John, Jean's face was transfigured. Ethereal, evanescent, she seemed, her eyes deep and dark, with a look of tears in them.

"Jean," he tried to say, "Jean." But had he spoken? If so, she gave no sign. They watched the clouds in the west shift, change, begin to lose their brilliance. Slowly the rose and amethyst were cooling to amethyst and purple. Then the amethyst began to fade. His heart was gentler yet more insistent. Again he tried to speak but it was Jean who broke the silence.

"Mother," she said, and there was a sob in her voice, "Mother, I can't go. I can't leave this valley. I can't go away."

"No, you can't go!" John's heart at last gave way in its utterance to his voice. He took up Jean's words and repeated them in vibrant tones. "Mother, I love Jean, I love her. She can't go. I love you, Jean, I love you! I cannot let you

go, for I love you. *Home!* You called it home. You must come home with me. You will, won't you? For I love you so."

John, trembling, looked with his soul into Jean's face.

But what had he done? What was it? As if his words had power to dispel every bit of brightness, the valley all suddenly went bleak and dull. The mountains turned stark and forbidding; the hills grew dark, watchful clouds hung against the west. And Jean. Instead of gladness, first amazement, then pain, then utter wretchedness filled her face. She shook once or twice with a sobbing sound. Richard, awakened by the nightfall, called from the veranda: "Mother, Jean, where are you?"

It was Mrs. Barclay who spoke.

"Go, dear," she said very gently, and Jean turned to the house. Mrs. Barclay laid a hand on John's arm. "John," she said, "John, my boy, don't you understand, haven't you known? Jean is Richard's wife."

Like his valley, John turned gray and cold. He looked pallid, as if life had gone out. All but his eyes. They burned and pleaded and would not believe. In an effort to help him by explaining she went on. "They were married when they were hardly more than children; they are like children yet, though it seems long."

His face twisted into strange lines; he shuddered in the cold wind that began to blow. Mrs. Barclay, the mother heart of her wrung by his grief, laid her hands on his shoulders and tears filled her eyes. He took one of her hands, held it for a moment against his twitching face, then went, stumbling, down the hill.

Through the whole night he sat before the empty fireplace, all the next day, and the next night, sat limp, unmoving. He did not feel the cold that through the night made him shiver as in an ague. He hardly knew when day came nor when it went again. He shifted a few times when a numb and aching limb forced him to. There were no thoughts. Just a jumble of pain, of protest, of fearful loneliness, filled and beat and tortured his head.

The middle of the second day some one knocked. He did not hear. There was a louder knock. Still no motion. Then the door opened and Mrs. Barclay came in. "John," she called. He got uncertainly upon his feet and turned toward her.

"John," she said, "we are going."

To the man before her she could say only the most direct thing. He looked old, sick, strange, his face grief-lined and unshaven, his eyes dull. Again her face was wet with tears.

"I told Richard you were sick. He wanted to come past to say good-by. Jean walked down ahead some time ago. Can you, will you, come out to speak to Dick?"

He took the hands she held out to him, stood for a moment patting them between both of his like one who dreams.

"Quick," she said, "or Richard will be coming in for us."

Outside, Richard, full of spirit, impatient to be on, called as they appeared: "Wasn't he up yet mother? Sorry, old man, you should be sick on this day that is a big one for me. I wanted you to go out with us. But you can't stay sick long in this valley. Look at me. Am I not a good advertisement for the place?"

He was so full of himself that he little more than noticed John. He was indeed different from the man who had come, but red signalled dangerously in his cheeks. And his voice was high pitch in his excitement.

"You do look seedy, John," he said as Hampton helped Mrs. Barclay to the seat beside him. Then they shook hands and were off.

John stood looking down the road long, long. He was seeing Jean with her free quick step and sun-flecked hair, leading them on and on. He, too, wanted to follow, to overtake her, to go with her to the ends . . .

There were fires back of his eyes; his throat, his whole body ached. He turned wearily inside.

The rest of the day and night he spent before the empty fireplace, a night of feverish, aching misery. Then the rain

began to fall. It swished in sheets against the windows, moaned and wept about the house, and the complaining sounds it made seemed sympathy to John. It roused him. He built a fire, drank hot coffee, and went mechanically at what he had to do.

The spring was a wet one. For days at a time the rain would fall in steady lines, and on these days John would be out late and early, hatless, soaked to the skin, tramping, tramping. Up the road toward the Barclay cottage, down to the uncertainties of Verdugo Road where first Jean had found him painting, up on the hillside where they had gathered the holly, where the wet bushes snatched and tore at him, slapping him sharply as he pushed through them. Knee-deep in water he would sometimes go, where the sandy washes were become turbulent streams, wet through, wind beaten, tired out, he would find this his only relief. On bright days he sat indoors, hour after hour, miserable with memories and the hopes that had gone. His utter aloneness filled him with a dread of the future he had never known. As he had done once before he ran from this dread to the city, where, though he was still alone, the fear of it left him. When the rains came again he went back to his valley, back to the storms that raging through it, gave him some rest.

Two, three, four years he spent going from place to place, away, now back, then away, then back, restless, dissatisfied, sad beyond words. The first year or two he heard of the Barclays. Wanderers they were too, and he guessed the reason. Richard's health. Out on the desert, down to the coast, back to the mountains. Then he lost track of them.

The time came at last when he stayed at home on into the spring. The rains had come seasonably so that the earth was in its gayest of dresses. The shrubs on the hillsides burst into riotous bloom, first the white lilac looking like a hoar frost, then the blue like a thin veil flung across the hills. Delicate little gilias, pink, blue, and lavender, nestled against the ground, while a multitude of other flowers, scarlet, white, yellow, bloomed so thickly that one must walk upon them who

walked at all. His boyhood's days pleasure in the earth's moods came back to Hampton; the bitterness was gone, the ache, and the restlessness. He began to take up life again where suddenly it had broken off. Through the years his box of paints had not been out. Now he opened it, curiously twisted the tubes, examined his brushes, and then put it away again. But it was a beginning. In a few weeks he sketched in a picture or two, and in doing so found some joy. When the golden days of fall came he put away his work. Those days were for a youth that was gone. Paint them he could not. But the gray days, the days when the mist drifted back and forth, he caught and held with all their mystery and invitation to sadness.

One such afternoon as he worked, the gray began to give way to sunset brilliance. Again the flood of rose spread upward from the west and the valley blushed and glowed. Again the mountains became luminous, amethystine. His hands fell at his sides, his brush dropped to the ground. He could not work; he could only feel. The years had fallen away and he was once again in that other evening, once again full of a heart-bursting happiness, again living his minute of exultation. Once more he was with her. As the colors deepened, there across the valley she came. A gilded sage stalk bent as she brushed against it. Through a path of great brightness she seemed walking straight to him, her hair blowing about her face, that was radiant in the sunset light. Her eyes dark, lustrous with tears, looked for him to come to meet her, to tell her how much he wanted her. A thousand times she had come to him this way, in fancy, in the rain, on the streets, into the little stone house, always, everywhere, but never quite like this, after all.

"John."

She had stopped coming toward him.

"*John!*"

He leaned forward to listen.

"John, I have come back to you."

He jumped to his feet. He ran toward her.

Straight into his arms she came. There he held her,

held her closely, while his heart, with all its pounding, was unable to choke down his, " Jean, *Jean.*"

She leaned against him, clung to him.

" I have come home," she said.

He touched her hair, her cheek, felt her arms about his neck. Yet more tightly he held her. Never again could she go from him.

" *Home!* " he repeated. " You have come home at last."

The sunset colors began to fade, the amethyst changed to purple, the purple to gray. A gentle wind awakened.

"NAME UNKNOWN"

DAVID MORTON

SOMEWHERE in France . . . an English countryside
Came in an instant's dream before he died. . . .

Unhurried mornings . . . and the English sky
Of such deep beauty as sinks past the eye,

Sinks in the heart and stays a memory there,
Part of the spirit, marvellously fair . . .

And indolent and drowsy afternoons
With quiet friends . . . and nights of thoughtful moons

Suspended over hill and home and field,
Touching to gold enchantment Summer's yield;

And those same fields as he had seen them last
By daylight, when the wind was running past,

And in and out the grain, on swift, light feet:
All this came back—in visions blinding sweet.

And memories of friends and things they said,
In midnight companies where there was bread

And thick-cut cheese and ale: . . . the way one had
Of swearing roundly if the ale was bad;

And how another's face showed thin and white
And delicate beneath the murky light,—

Too delicate, he thought, as though made thin
By white, refining fires that blazed within.

Yet, that one answered, too, at England's call;
He wondered if, . . . he wondered how it all . . .

Then came the memory of other faces,
Unknown to him, but seen in public places,

In London streets, faces of girls and boys,
And London shops, and windows filled with toys

At Christmastide when gay crowds filled the streets,
Women with bundles—children munching sweets.

And that first Christmas that he saw the city
With eyes dazed by its splendor—and its pity . . .

Then suddenly there came to him again
The countryside, the fields of waiting grain,

Across which now a far, faint bell was calling,
And lamps were being lit, and dusk was falling.

A little wind was creeping toward the hill,
So light it left the grain untroubled, still—

But spread abroad a fresh, faint earthen musk,
That filled the air and sweetened all the dusk . . .

SPRING: 1917

ALBERT LEFFINGWELL

NEW life runs riot through the world to-day:
Sweet air, green grasses, slim trees newly clad—
And how can any mortal heart be sad,
Surrounded by these panoplies of May?
Except we know, a thousand miles away,
Above the shattered fields that should be green
With the first bloom of harvest, stretch the lean
Gray crosses, lined in pitiless array.

Our loved ones, too, will soon be sleeping there,
Tormented limbs brought thus to rest, we say.
O blind! to think the shrapnel's iron spray
Dissolves in dust. From every sodden mound
A glory shines, and they beneath the ground
Return to us again, divinely fair!

PROHIBITION'S OWN STORY

DEETS PICKETT

[RESEARCH SECRETARY, BOARD OF TEMPERANCE, PROHIBITION AND PUBLIC MORALS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

THE prohibition movement, whether good or evil, is "the long result of time." It is not a hysteria nor the quick growth of a warm emotionalism. It has developed slowly and by orderly stages. The time of its beginning is clearly written in the records and each period of change in its nature is marked on the calendar almost to the very day and hour.

It began in 1808. It changed about 1818; again in 1840 and 1842; once more in 1847; still again in 1907. The movement may be said to have written its own biography in the pledges of the various temperance societies which have existed in America during the past one hundred years.

Dr. Benjamin Rush, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, is credited with being the father of the anti-alcohol movement in the United States. He was the author of "An Inquiry Into the Effects of Ardent Spirits on the Human Body and Mind," a document which vigorously preached moderation in the use of spirituous liquors. The teachings of Dr. Rush furnished a vivid illustration of the ultra-conservatism which not only marked the early temperance movement but which has always characterized its development. For men who desired to bring their drink appetites within bounds, he advised the use of substitutes and the substitutes recommended were opium, morphine, and cocaine!

Dr. Billy James Clark, another distinguished physician, was so impressed with the teachings of Dr. Rush that in 1808 he formed the first temperance society in America. The pledge taken by its members reads:

"No member shall drink rum, gin, whisky, or any distilled spirits or composition of the same or any of them, except by the advice of a

physician or in case of actual disease, also except at public dinners, under the penalty of twenty-five cents, provided that this article shall not infringe on any religious rite; no members shall be intoxicated under a penalty of fifty cents; and no member shall offer any of the above liquors to any person to drink thereof under the penalty of twenty-five cents for each offense."

Very similar and equally interesting is the 1812 pledge of the Maine Temperance Society:

"We will be at all times sparing and cautious in the use of spirituous liquors at home, in social visits decline them so far as possible, avoid them totally in retailing stores, and in general, set our faces against the intemperate use of them, conceiving as we do, that, except in a very few cases, as of medicinal use, spirituous liquors are the bane of morals and a drain on health, piety, and happiness."

These two pledges centralized the spirit and sentiment of the moderation stage of the temperance movement, giving form and body to the generative work of Dr. Rush. In the early years of the 19th century they were more radical than the modern proposal of national prohibition. It was not until 1826 that the organized temperance forces became convinced that moderation in the use of spirituous liquors, as a solution of the problem, was impracticable. *Thomas Jefferson was one of the first men of that day to become convinced of this and it was he who proposed the substitution of light liquors for ardent spirits.*

In 1826, this conviction had become common to all temperance people of the day, so the pledge of the American Temperance Society in that year called for total abstinence from the stronger drinks:

"We, whose names are hereunto annexed, believing that the use of ardent spirits as a drink, is not only needless, but harmful to the social, civil, and religious interests of men; that it tends to form intemperate appetites and habits, and that while it is continued the evils of intemperance can never be done away with; do, therefore, agree that we will not use or traffic in it; that we will not provide it as articles of entertainment, or for persons in our employment, and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance the use of it in the community."

The pledge of the Andover Society in the same year is

very similar and indicates the uniform progress of the movement:

"We, the subscribers, for the purpose of promoting our own welfare and that of the community, agree that we will abstain from the use of distilled spirits, except as a medicine for bodily infirmity; that we will not allow the use of them in our families, or provide them for the entertainment of our friends, or for persons in our employment; that in all suitable ways we will discountenance the use of them in the community."

In 1840, the famous "Washingtonians" launched a formidable movement based upon a further extension of the principle of abstinence to cover not only strong alcoholic liquors, but beer, wine, and cider. The 1840 pledge of that society reads:

"We, whose names are annexed, desirous of forming a society for our mutual benefit to guard against a practice—a pernicious practice—which is injurious to our health and the standing of our families, do pledge ourselves as gentlemen that we will not drink any spirits, malt liquors, wine or cider."

The Washingtonian movement produced a profound impression upon the country. In 1842, the Sons of Temperance pledged their members against the making, buying, and selling of alcoholic beverages as well as the drinking of them:

"I will neither make, buy, sell, nor use as a beverage any spirituous or malt liquors, wine or cider."

By 1847 this pledge was still further strengthened by the Order of Good Samaritans:

"I do furthermore promise that I will neither make, buy, nor use as a beverage any spirituous or malt liquors, wine or cider; that I will discountenance the use and traffic in alcoholic drinks of every kind; that I will use all moral and honorable means within my power to *put a stop to the practice of legalizing* the same, and will, so far as practicable, seek to reclaim the inebriate from the error of his ways."

And so was reached the stage of opposition to the use of alcoholic beverages in any form and of antagonism to the

legalizing of the liquor traffic. The latter phase of the movement developed rapidly from that time forward, especially when the federal government in 1862 included in the war revenue measure a provision for federal liquor licenses. The first federal liquor license law enacted March 1st, 1791, had proven so offensive to the people that it was speedily repealed and the second attempt to ally the drink traffic with the federal government in 1813 was repealed within four years. When the 1862 federal revenue law again tampered with the liquor traffic, the economic and political motives of the trade were intensified; centralization and political alliance began to develop.

Temperance organizations of the period were not slow to recognize the changing character of the trade and they fell upon it with the early prohibition legislation which was so generally repealed and which to-day is pointed to as a horrible example of the inefficiency of prohibitory laws.

The coincident change in the character of the drink trade and the temperance movement resulted, during the period roughly approximated by the decade of 1850-60, in a mass of legislation, all termed prohibitory, which was "without form and void." These laws, blanketed by the one word "prohibition," differed from each other to an amazing degree and some of them would to-day be considered very mild regulative and restrictive measures. Students of the period to-day are not able to agree even as to the number of states which may be said to have had prohibition in the mildest form. By some the figure is placed at twelve, by others as high as nineteen.

The most casual investigation shows the absurdity of attacking the highly efficient prohibition laws of to-day by pointing to the states which "tried and rejected 'prohibition'" more than half a century ago. Illinois is often mentioned as such a state but the Illinois prohibition law was subject to a referendum and was rejected by the people without being tried at all. The Indiana law was declared unconstitutional and had no trial. The New York law was overthrown by the courts after operating for a very brief time,

during which, however, it produced results which prompted Governor M. H. Clark to inform the legislature of 1856: "The influence (of the law) is visible in a marked diminution of the evils which it sought to remedy."

The Michigan "prohibition" law in its final form permitted the sale of beer, wine and cider, and the New Hampshire law, while prohibiting the sale, permitted the manufacture. Ohio's constitutional provision forbade the state to license the traffic but the sale of liquors was never prohibited, and yet Ohio is included in the list of states which, we are told, "tried and rejected prohibition"!

Other "prohibition" laws limited their prohibition to the consumption of liquors on the premises of sale; some only fixed a minimum quantity which might be sold, and several prohibited the traffic in ardent spirits without molesting the traffic in beer, wine and cider. Certain states forbade the sale within state bounds but permitted the manufacture for exportation.

No machinery for the enforcement of the law was provided and the usual fine was $10! Contrast these "prohibitions," with their fines, which in practice were not fines at all, with their exemptions, exceptions, and distortions, with the modern laws of North Dakota, Kansas, Arizona, Idaho, and North Carolina, laws in which the chain-gang and the penitentiary, hard labor and heavy fines, ouster provisions and the search and seizure hold place.

The extreme difficulties of prohibition in Maine to-day are in great part due to the fact that the Maine law and prohibition administrative traditions owe their form and color to the early days of the reform. It is perhaps not strange that these laws were ill-considered and not tamped firmly with educational propaganda, in view of the fact that they came when a sectional war was about to break over the country. They were fated not to have the benefit of evolutionary processes. As they gave way, one by one, the liquor traffic began to feed strong upon the day of the country's weakness. The principle of taxation by the federal government inevitably involved the suggestion of permission, protection, and

promotion, with the inevitable result that the organization of the trade rapidly assumed the character of a strong defensive alliance and a still stronger alliance for aggression.

For the tavern of former days with its minimum of abuses there began to be substituted a centralized and highly efficient trade using every device of modernity to exploit human weakness; corrupting government, business, and sources of common information; laying its finger upon the lips of politicians, fostering vice, promoting gambling, and handing a part of the proceeds to the Treasurer of the Federal Government. The immigration which followed hard upon the heels of the Civil War, came from countries where no prejudice against alcohol existed, and with it came a beer invasion which resulted in an enormous increase in the use of the bulky liquors which loom so large in the statistics.

Then began the "nibbling" process by which the temperance forces hoped to eat into the strength of their enemy. They trained themselves in methods, perfected themselves in the writing of statutes, inquired diligently after every weakness in their program. The clearing away of the imperfect, ill-established prohibitory laws of 1850-60 had left the new movement unhampered by tradition and precedent.

Experimentation in restrictive legislation proved to be a process of elimination. The prohibition of chairs, screens, tables, music, free lunches, and games in saloons soon convinced the people that it was the alcohol in the saloons and not the chairs which was doing the damage. Low license failed and high license only provided a strong motive for political corruption and the addition of vicious money-making features. Sunday closing and short hours did not suffice as a remedy. Local option and "home rule" were tested, but local option threw the county and city into direct conflict with a trade nationally organized so that "home rule" proved to be "money rule," and outside money rule at that.

Upon the wreckage of these experiments arose a mighty sentiment for state and national prohibition. Only Kansas, North Dakota, and Maine had prohibition laws in the year 1907, but during that year the moment became ripe and was

plucked. There had been a generation of scientific temperance instruction in the public schools. The alcohol experiments of the German universities had produced a profound impression upon American thought. *The strong opposition of eminent British physicians to the drink custom had reacted upon American medical opinion. The saloon had become intolerable and the resentment against prevailing corruption was very close akin to resentment against the traffic which was largely responsible for it.*

In the cities the saloons had climbed on from arrogance to arrogance. Big business, concerned with the efficiency of its labor and the conservation of the public's buying power, began to turn against the licensed bar. Temperance organizations showed a disposition to get together, sink their differences in union, and consult on those methods of practical organization which would bring final achievement.

And so in that year prohibition began once more to ride a waxing tide. But it was not the prohibition of 1850. To-day if any recalcitrant official thinks that it is within his power to nullify a state prohibition law, he is quickly "oustered." In Idaho the law prohibits even the possession of alcoholic liquors except that wine may be possessed for sacramental purposes and pure alcohol for scientific and mechanical purposes. In North Dakota there are men in the penitentiary for their first offense of "boot-legging," and there are in some States, laws which permit a place of business to be padlocked if alcohol is found on the premises. There is as much similarity between the early and latter prohibitory legislation as there is between a continental flintlock musket and a 42 centimeter howitzer.

If the probability and imminence of nation-wide prohibition are to be judged by the respect of the liquor trade for the fighting efficiency of its present-day opponent, final and complete victory is seemingly certain.

The Champion of Fair Play, the organ of the retail liquor dealers of Illinois, in the autumn of 1913 seemed to be seized with a fit of depression and published the following remarkable editorial:

"Sneering talk about the fighters against intoxicants has gone out of use. So much gain has been made since the time of Neal Dow in Maine that the liquor dealers and advocates have for some time acknowledged themselves on the run.

"Not many years ago it was considered by a majority of people in many communities, that the best policy was to let the liquor traffic alone. That drinking liquor was as necessary to the living of most men as eating nourishing food; or, if not exactly so, it was so natural that to meddle with any degree of success with the drinker or the dealer in intoxicants was an insurmountable task but now the best of our people are letting go such a theory and are believing that this nation will ere long become saloonless.

"Our present congress contains many members who would vote, if they had the chance to pass a law submitting a constitutional prohibition amendment. The Southern States are furnishing an increasing number of members and the belief is that success will crown their efforts.

"At the same time local option is in so many communities that the liquor dealers are acknowledging that to stem the tide is an impossible job."

And while the liquor trade press has never acknowledged that prohibition laws have been vindicated by their operation, they have repeatedly recognized the fact that the people living in prohibition territory consider the policy successful. In June, 1915, *Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular* said:

"Let any one visit the homes and clubs of Maine, Kansas, Oklahoma, North Dakota, Georgia, Tennessee, North Carolina, or any other so-called prohibitory state and he is impressed with the sentiment in favor of prohibition and the belief that prohibition is working wonders for society."

The statement is correct. And if it is true that a thing may be established by a heavy preponderance of testimony the case for prohibition is proven. It is quite possible to find exceptional individuals in prohibition states who will assail prohibitory law as ineffective, but it is not possible to poll any entire business or professional class and secure a consensus of opinion favoring the restriction of the license system.

The Board of Temperance of the Methodist Church,

through its Research Department, has tested almost every conceivable class of opinion in states which are under prohibition laws and the result has been an overwhelming concentration of testimony in support of the drink-abolition policy. Especially exhaustive have been the investigations, by mail and through traveling representatives, in the states which inaugurated prohibition January 1st, 1916. The reports received may be summarized as follows:

"In every state which went dry January 1st, 1916, petty crime has been greatly decreased.

"Serious crime has been considerably decreased.

"There is a notable decrease in beggary and acute poverty.

"Property formerly used for saloon purposes was rented for legitimate business with only slight delay.

"In the majority of cases liquor manufacturing property was diverted to wholesome uses, using more raw material and employing more men.

"There is a notable increase in buying power and much greater activity in retail business.

"Bank clearings are larger and savings accounts much more numerous.

"There is no more boot-legging or blind-pigging than in the license days and in some cases there is much less.

"The consumption of liquor has been reduced from 85 to 95 per cent.

"Of the small quantity of liquor consumed, 90 per cent. is beer, not whiskey.

"In no case have taxes been made higher by prohibition; in some cases they are lower, and in many cases approximately the same.

"In no case at all are state finances in worse condition because of the loss of license revenue; in some cases bad conditions inherited from the license period have been corrected.

"The sentiment of business men in every prohibition state of January 1st, 1916, is overwhelmingly in favor of the policy and this sentiment is increasing in strength constantly."

The limitations of a magazine article do not permit the setting forth in appalling array of all the official records and transcripts from correspondence upon which these conclusions are based. Official records are available to all and citizens will still answer inquiries but it is absolutely impossible to arrive at correct conclusions unless all records of any state

under consideration are investigated and entire classes of representative citizens are called to the witness stand. Hand-picked statistics and the testimony of eccentric individuals are worthless.

The question is frequently asked: "Why, if prohibition prohibits, is the national consumption of liquors not decreased?" It may be answered that the national consumption of liquors *is* being decreased and attention should be directed also to the more significant fact that a steady and progressing tendency to an enormous *increase* has been effectually checked. The following table shows the percentage of increase in the per capita consumption of all liquors during the decades 1850-1900, during the period of 1900-1907, and from 1907-1913:

Increase 1850 to 1860	57.5
Increase 1860 to 1870	19.7
Increase 1870 to 1880	31.0
Increase 1880 to 1890	53.9
Increase 1890 to 1900	14.2
Increase 1900 to 1907	28.0
Decrease 1907 to 1913	0.5

The decrease in 1915 was 10 per cent., and it is certain that when the report of the Internal Revenue Commissioner for the fiscal year 1916 is issued, the slump of the preceding year will not be shown as overcome.

From 1850 to 1907 each decade shows an enormous percentage of increase in the use of liquors. In 1907 there were only 3 prohibition States and in that year the present prohibition "wave" began to move. By June 30th, 1914, there were 8 prohibition States with 11 preparing to put into operation prohibitory laws already passed. What was the result upon the consumption of liquors? In the period 1907-1913 there was a decrease of .5 per cent. in the per capita consumption as compared with an increase of 28 per cent. from 1900-1907. The actual increase in per capita consumption from 1900-1907 was 5.03 gallons and from 1907-1914 the actual decrease was .29 gallons.

During the past two years, according to the widely cir-

culated statements of Mr. Theodore Price, our national wealth has increased by $41,000,000,000; our bank deposits are said to be 24 per cent. higher than in 1912; our trade balance is 227 per cent. better; our agricultural exports have increased 44.1 per cent.; and our manufactured exports 55 per cent.; the number of employees engaged in manufacturing industries has increased 23.2 per cent., and the value of our manufactured products has increased $9,400,000,000 or 41.2 per cent. over 1912. Meanwhile the consumption of alcoholic liquors from 1907 to 1913 *decreased* .5 per cent. and in 1915 10 per cent. While every other industry was increasing its output by vast quantities, the liquor traffic was decreasing!

A number of States which have prohibition laws either require reports of incoming liquor shipments to County Clerks, or issue permits to consignees. In Kansas the reports to the County Clerks have been checked up by numerous investigators and, while it is impossible to tell from the reports the exact quantity in any given shipment, it is significant that the investigators have arrived at practically the same figures as the total consumption of liquors within the state. These figures show that under prohibition in Kansas, the per capita consumption of liquors is 85 to 95 per cent. below the per capita consumption for the country as a whole. Incidentally it is interesting to note that 90 per cent. of these shipments are beer, which does not indicate that prohibition causes a turning from the milder and more bulky drinks to whiskey.

The negative argument against prohibition is as shifting as the sands. To-day the country is flooded with "statistical studies" attempting to show the dire results of prohibition in the States which have adopted it. Frequently these tables include as under prohibition States which were under license at the time considered; still more frequently there is the most obvious "handpicking" of figures, resulting in a comparison of States far removed from one another in miles and still further removed in laws, administration and customs. Where the comparisons are made between prohibition and

license States and there is taken into consideration affairs as they were at the time prohibition was adopted and also the necessity of selecting States in the same geographical groups or else of considering the two classes as entireties, the results are uniformly favorable to the theory of prohibition.

The affirmative argument of the liquor trade swings on the following much discussed charges:

Prohibition is sumptuary legislation, it violates personal liberty, it destroys needed revenues, it destroys vested rights without compensation, it increases illicit distilling and blind pigging, it increases the use of drugs, and it is a moral and individual question.

Inasmuch as prohibition deals with public trade which has been considered a social matter since the time of barter it is absurd to call it "sumptuary legislation." Except in the case of one or two laws, wherever the personal liberty of the individual is violated, it is purely an incident. The citizen is not forbidden to drink, although his opportunity to drink is lessened; but he is forbidden, for purposes of profit, to induce another citizen to drink. As the *American Brewers' Review* has said, the question must be fought out on a consideration of the social welfare.

The question of compensation has been decided time and again in the United States Supreme Court. Prohibition destroys no vested rights and is guilty of no confiscation. It merely marks the refusal of government to renew a special privilege to engage in a traffic which has no inherent right to exist, which is pledged its life only by the year, and which in erecting property for purposes of its trade is taking the chance of a man who erects property on leased ground.

The argument that illicit distilling and blind pigging increase under prohibition will not bear investigation. Illicit distilling is common in prohibition States in which it was common when those States were under a license policy. Not in twenty years has an illicit still been seized and destroyed in Kansas, Maine, or North Dakota, but they have been seized by the score in northern license States. Accord-

ing to the report of the Internal Revenue Bureau for the year ending June 30th, 1915, only 1,582 gallons of illicit liquor were found in prohibition States during that fiscal year, while 808,926 gallons were found in license States.

If the disparity in the figures of federal licenses and state licenses (with drug stores eliminated from the consideration) be taken, which may well be, as a census of blind pigs, the license system is a veritable swineherd. In the fall of 1914 there were in New York 1,239 blind pigs to the million of population; in Illinois, 1,784, and in Kansas, 305, and the number of holders of federal tax receipts in Kansas is decreasing constantly. In September of this year there were only 89 such tax receipts in that State. When the present stringent enforcement of prohibition in Kansas began about eight years ago, there were nearly 4,500 holders of these federal licenses. In North Dakota the number has decreased annually under the influence of constantly improving favorable administration. The following table tells the exact story:

	Retail liquor dealers' receipts:	Wholesale liquor dealers' receipts
1909	1,830	65
1910	1,470	40
1911	1,014	15
1912	981	10
1913	593	10
1914	291	4
1915	142	0

The assertion that prohibition increases the use of drugs is based upon the bare fact that several years ago drug using began to increase in prohibition States. The fact is ignored that at the same time drug using began to increase to a much greater degree in license States, especially in the great centers of population. This drug argument at the present time ignores the existence of the Harrison Federal Drug Law which has nearly wiped out drug using everywhere except in the great license cities.

The only effectual argument being used by the liquor traffic to-day is based upon the supposed fact that the use

of wine and beer in Europe has reduced the use of ardent spirits. But the studies of Gabriellson, the Swedish statistician, and the official figures of various European countries have shown conclusively that those nations which use more beer or more wine, also have a greater per capita consumption of distilled spirits than has the United States, and their consumption of absolute alcohol is enormously greater.

The prohibition movement is sweeping forward to a certain triumph. Medicine is fighting alcohol as a foe to the public health. Business, big and little, is lending power to the advance.

"It is the last 10 per cent. of profits that builds the local factory, and under license that 10 per cent. is swallowed by the liquor traffic," said a business man recently. Money spent for drink is not spent for legitimate products. The material and labor employed in the manufacture and distribution of alcoholic liquors is wasted. The proportion of the final value of intoxicants which goes to labor and the production of raw material is remarkably low and business men are becoming aroused to the fact that a trade which produces no wealth cannot be a real source of revenue.

Prohibition proposes to add to the total of legitimate commerce the two and a half billion dollars now spent at retail for liquors each year. The wonderful effect upon the South of the addition of $500,000,000 to the value of the cotton crop and of an addition to the foreign trade of a sum less than the sum spent for liquors, points vividly to what might be done for industry by wiping out a wasteful expenditure of such vast size.

It is the manufacturers, wholesalers and retail dealers who are heading that army which moves upon the federal capital with a demand that the Constitution which prohibits the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, which prohibits ex post facto laws, unequal taxation, laws abridging the rights of free speech and petition, shall prohibit the abuse of government which licenses a trade dangerous to the public health and welfare and ruinous to the interests of public trade.